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The Entry of Bishop Van Mildert into Durham.

BELIEVING that no complete record exists of the ancient ceremony that took place on Croft Bridge when Dr. Van Mildert, the last Prince Bishop of Durham, entered the diocese in July, 1826, I have compiled an account of that interesting event—an event that is all the more interesting because it has never been repeated since, and will probably never be repeated again. Surtees's "History of Durham" was published before the appointment of Dr. Van Mildert, and nothing beyond a short and very unsatisfactory notice of the ceremony is to be found in Sykes's "Local Records" or any similar work since issued. The writer, then a youth in the Darlington Grammar School, was, with other scholars, few of whom now live, present on the occasion, and saw and heard all that transpired.

The long and beneficent episcopate of Dr. Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, was closed by his death on March 26, 1826. The venerable prelate had ruled the diocese for the space of thirty-five years, he having been installed in 1791. Owing to the peculiar customs and circumstances of the County Palatine, an early choice of a successor was necessary: how necessary may be judged from the following entry in the "Larchfield Diary" of that date:—"In consequence of the death of the Bishop, the Easter Sessions for the trial of prisoners was postponed, as the office of Sheriff ceased then. Until a new Bishop was appointed, no writs were issued, nor could any licenses to marry be granted, as the Chancellor and other ecclesiastical officers ceased to act, and required what was called new patents or re-appointments. The Dean and Chapter took possession of the registry office, so that no will could be inspected." It may be added

that Darlington was at the same time deprived of its only civic officer, the Bailiff. Mr. Bowes, who then filled that office, held patents for it from three Bishops, and those patents are still in the possession of the family.

Dr. William Van Mildert, Bishop of Llandaff, was installed Bishop of Durham in London on April 23, and on July 21 following he was installed in his own Cathedral at Durham. Earlier in the latter month he made his formal entrance into his diocese. The following account of this entrance, and of the feudal ceremony on Croft Bridge, is from the memory of the writer and others who were there and saw it, corroborated by a notice of the affair in the *Newcastle Courant* of July 22, 1826:—

On July 14 the right reverend prelate and his suite arrived at Northallerton, of which town he was Lord of the Manor, also of its shire and halmote. His lordship stayed a short time in that town, and then proceeded to Croft, where he remained all night at the Spa Hotel. Next morning there was a vast assemblage of the gentlemen and others of the County Palatine, who, leaving their equipages and horses drawn up in long lines on the north side of the River Tees, proceeded to Croft Bridge, where Mr. Griffith, Under-Sheriff of the County of Durham, Mr. Bowes, the Bishop's bailiff at Darlington, the Sheriff's officers, and Mr. Rayson, the agent of Lady Blackett, who held the manor of Sockburn in trust for her son, were awaiting on the arch where the County Palatine and the North Riding of Yorkshire join. Among the gentlemen who had assembled to greet and welcome the new Count Palatine, were Henry Blackett, Esq., who was afterwards Lord of Sockburn; Colonel Chaytor and his sons—Mr. W. R. C. Chaytor, after-

wards Sir William Chaytor, Mr. John Clairvaux Chaytor, now of Croft, Mr. Henry Chaytor, now of Witton Castle, and Mr. Matthew Hutton Chaytor; the Rev. James Dalton, rector of Croft; his son Charles, afterwards General Dalton, of the Royal Artillery; Mr. Trotter, now the Rev. T. L. Trotter, rector of Great Stainton; Lieutenant-General Aylmer, of Walworth Castle; Mr. John Allan, of Blackwell Hall; Major Hartley, of Middleton Lodge; Captain Cumby, R.N., of Heighington (one of Nelson's captains at Trafalgar); Mr. William Skinner, Mr. John Wilkinson, and Mr. Leonard Raisbeck, of Stockton, and the Mayor and Corporation of that town; the Rev. Mr. Headlam, Mr. Francis Mewburn, Mr. Hodgson, of Auckland, and his son, now Major Hodgson, of Gainford; and many other gentlemen and clergymen from various parts of the county. There was also a considerable number of ladies, with Mrs. Dalton and the young ladies from the Rectory.

A little after 11 o'clock the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Barrington arrived, and soon after the ceremony took place by which the manor of Sockburn is held. First came the Prince Bishop in his carriage, drawn by six horses, attended by three gentlemen. Then another carriage and four horses, in which were the Bishop's wife and her attendants, other carriages following. As soon as Dr. Van Mildert came to the division arch, a gentleman representing the Lord of Sockburn presented, on his behalf, the historic sword, the Sockburn falchion, and thus addressed his lordship:—"My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the falchion wherewith the champion Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery flying serpent which destroyed man, woman, and child; in memory of which the king then reigning gave him the Manor of Sockburn to hold by this tenure that upon the first entrance of every Bishop into the county this falchion should be presented." The Bishop took the sword into his hand, and, courteously wishing the Lord of Sockburn health and long life, returned it to the bearer.

Crossing the bridge, the procession was then formed in the following order:—Sheriff's officers mounted, with white wands, leading the horsemen; three of the Bishop's outriders; his lordship in his carriage and six horses; the Bishop's wife in her carriage and four; Lord Barrington in his carriage and four; carriages of the county gentry, clergy, and others, numbering about 50, including a number of gigs and other more humble conveyances.

The procession reached Darlington about 12 o'clock, where all were anxious to see the new Bishop. A splendid lunch was provided at Mr. Scott's, the King's Head, and about a hundred gentlemen were introduced to the Bishop. His lordship was much gratified with his reception, and he seems to have made a most favourable impression upon all. About 2 o'clock his lordship entered his carriage and drove to Auckland, where he was warmly welcomed. Amidst the applause of the people the Count Palatine, the last of an illustrious line, a line of which Durham may

justly be proud, entered the stately palace of his predecessors. A most sumptuous feast was prepared. The "Larchfield Diary," whose writer (Mr. Francis Mewburn) was one of the guests, mentions with many encomiums the rare and choice wines, and also the justice which the assembled party did to them.

An incident in the procession to Auckland, related to me by an eye-witness (Mr. James Thompson, now of Hurworth House), produced considerable mirth. The parish clerk of Auckland wished to show respect to the new Count Palatine. Not possessing a horse, he borrowed a piebald steed belonging a circus then in the town, and, accompanied by the proprietor on another piebald, joined in the cavalcade. Much laughter was caused by the exertions of the clerk to maintain his equilibrium in his unaccustomed position.

It seems from a letter of Bishop Cosin to Dr. Sancroft (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), that the falchion ceremony was, at any rate occasionally, performed in the Tees, most likely at Neasham. The Bishop thus writes under date of August 22, 1661:—"The confluence and alacrity of ye gentry, clergy, and other people was very great, and at my first entrance through the river of Tease there was scarce any water to be seene for the multitude of horse and men yt filled it when ye sword yt killed ye dragon was delivered to me with all the formality of trumpets and gunshots and acclamations yt might be made. I am not affected with such shews; but, however ye cheerfulness of ye county in the reception of their Bishop is a good earnest given for better matters, which, by the grace and blessing of God, may in good time follow them."

Various opinions have been expressed as to what was the origin of this curious ceremony. Pennant thinks it refers to a victory over the Scots; Hutchinson imagines that the dragon was some Danish rover who was ravaging the country and was slain by Conyers; while Surtees says:—"It would not be difficult to connect the falchion legend with the real exploits of Roger de Conyers, Constable of Durham Castle, Comyn, who had usurped the See and was defeated by the Constable, playing the part of the dragon." Some little confirmation of Surtees's theory may be found in the fact that the grant of Sockburn was made by the Bishop, and not by the reigning Monarch, as stated in the ceremony at Croft Bridge, though it might have been confirmed by the latter. Others have thought the ceremony refers to some actual fact now lost in the obscurity of ages, when some huge serpent or lizard, such as we know formerly existed on the earth, was slain. In the tradition recorded in the Bowes MSS., the creature is called "a wyverne or aake," the latter being the local name for lizard. Science, which usually does so much to dispel false notions, teaches us that huge lizards did once roam the earth. Is it not possible that some of these monsters might still have been living in ancient times, and that popular ignorance and

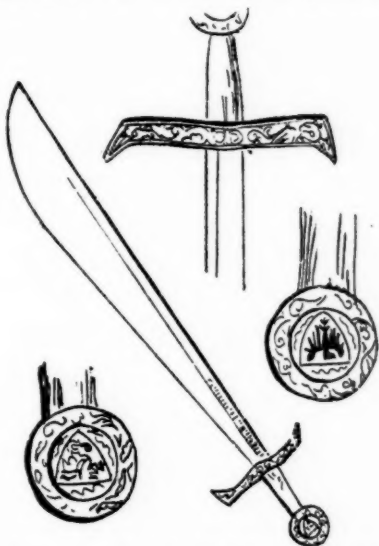
fear might have endowed them with terrors greater even than those they possessed? If, sixty years ago, any one had asserted that elephants once roved over the plains of Siberia, he would have met only with ridicule and contempt. Yet we know now that elephants did flourish there, as their frozen carcasses are still occasionally found. It is therefore not altogether impossible that the Sockburn "wyverne or aske," the "Lambton worm," and many other similar creatures, may be something more than myths.*

JOHN BOUSFIELD.

The Conyers Falchion.

This celebrated weapon (of which we give a drawing) was exhibited at a meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries on April 29, 1891.

Mr. Robert Blair, the secretary of the society, stated that Sir Edward Blackett, to whom the falchion now belongs, found, when it came into his possession, the



following memorandum in his father's handwriting, attached to the hilt:—

Sir Edward Blackett now represents the person of Sir John Conyers, who in the year 1063, in the fields of Sockburn, slew with this falchion, according to ancient story, a dragon, worm, or flying serpent, which devoured men, women, and children. The owner of Sockburn, as a reward for his bravery, gave Sir John the manor of Sockburn for him and his heirs for ever, on condition of his meeting the Lord Bishop of Durham with this falchion on his first entrance into his diocese after appointment. The tenure is distinctly noticed in the inquest on Sir John Conyers, A.D., 1396. The arms on one side of the pommel are those of England as borne by the Plantagenets from John to Edward III. The eagle on the other side is said to belong to Morcar, the Saxon Earl of Northumberland.

Mr C. C. Hodges said he had made a rubbing of the

For further particulars anent the ancient legend of the Sockburn Worm see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, p. 518.

ornament upon the guard, which he showed to the Rev. Canon Greenwell. They carefully compared it with examples in the library of Durham, and came to the conclusion that the date was probably not later than 1200, though it might be as early as 1180. It was certainly the earliest sword in the Northern Counties. The pommel and the guard were made of bronze. The arms upon the pommel were an incised lion, of the character met with in late Norman architecture and in MSS. of about the close of the last quarter of the 12th century.

Mr. J. R. Boyle remarked that the Conyers family dated back to the very remotest antiquity; but the last male representative of the line died, early in the present century, a pauper in Chester-le-Street!

Dorothy Wordsworth.



THE constant companionship, sympathy, and affection of Dorothy Wordsworth for her brother William had so important an effect on his life and works, that a slight acquaintance with her history and character is almost necessary to any one wishing to understand the inner heart of the poet himself. Somewhere in the "Prelude" he compared his soul to an arid rock, untouched by the softening effects of sunshine and shower, without any nooks or crannies where flowers might lurk. His sister came with her tender influence, sowed on it the needed flowers, and touched it with mellowing hues. Well indeed did her name, in its Greek meaning "the gift of God," prefigure the relation in which she stood to him. To use his own words—

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears:
A heart the fountain of sweet tears,
And love and thought and joy.

Born at Cockermouth in 1771, Dorothy was not quite two years younger than her brother. Devotedly attached to each other, they passed their infancy on the very margin of the Lake District, a neighbourhood calculated to arouse their dormant love of the beautiful, while the blue mountains in the distance, suggesting a country of romance and mystery, awoke in their dual souls a yearning love of nature which ever after dominated their existence. From all accounts, William Wordsworth was naturally a reserved, morose boy. Fortunately, his sister's loving tenderness and sweetness produced a beneficial change in his surly disposition. The poet himself alludes to this contrast in their characters in verses relating to their childhood, in which he says—

My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly,
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey.
But SHE, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

After some happy years passed together, the household

was broken up on the death of Mrs. Wordsworth. William was sent to school, and his sister Dorothy was removed from Cockermouth to Penrith, and eventually placed under the care of her mother's cousin, Miss Threlkeld; at Halifax, Yorkshire, where she was principally educated. During the summer of 1788 she, for a brief but joyous period, enjoyed the society of her brother. They met at Penrith; revisited all their childish haunts; wandered by the banks of Eamont, among the woods of Lowther; and, climbing the Beacon Hill, looked wistfully towards the dim regions of Scotland, even then planning a visit to that country, which was as yet unknown to either of them. After this pleasant reunion, Wordsworth went to Cambridge. Dorothy, as she grew to womanhood, resided for a time with her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Cookson, Canon of Windsor. There she might have passed her life quietly and decorously, under dignified auspices, but her intense love for her brother opened to her a vista of nobler prospects; and, when opportunity offered, she did not hesitate to leave her influential relatives and become the companion, friend, and pupil of him who became with her assistance the most original and meditative of all the Lake Poets. After leaving Cambridge, Wordsworth went to France, and watched with ardent enthusiasm the progress of that Revolution which was expected to emancipate mankind. The many and glaring excesses committed by the so-called friends of freedom disheartened and distressed him. In 1794, he returned to England with all his high hopes dashed to the ground, his spirits darkened and depressed, his mind ill at ease, and his opinions, political, philosophical, and religious, all alike unsettled and at sea. Happily, at this dark period in his mind's history, a kind Providence placed his sister by his side. She discerned his real needs, and with fine tact turned his bewildered and despairing soul from abstract speculations, and directed his thoughts towards poetry and truth.

Then it was
That the beloved sister in whose sight
These days were passed

Whispered that brightness would return.
She in the midst of all preserved me still
A poet, made me seek beneath that name,
And that alone, my office upon earth.

About this time, Wordsworth, finding his money gone and his belief shaken, gave up all hopes of church or bar, and contemplated going to London and trying to earn his bread and butter as a newspaper writer; but it was ordered otherwise. During a pedestrian tour with his sister from Kendal to Grasmere, and then to Keswick, "through the most delightful country ever seen," they learned that a young friend had bequeathed him a legacy of £900. This piece of good fortune changed the current of his ideas, and seldom has such a bequest been put to better use. The brother and sister cast in their lots together, and on this small sum, and £100

received for the "Lyrical Ballads," they contrived to live and travel for nearly eight years. In the autumn of 1795 they settled down in a retired little house near the Quantock Hills, Somersetshire, and from this time we may date the commencement of Wordsworth's self-dedication to poetry as the main business of his life; while Dorothy not only attended to household duties, but, with her fervid imagination, encouraged her brother to further poetic efforts. There was little or no society in the neighbourhood, but long years after she spoke with affectionate recollection of the time passed there, for it was the first real home she had. Solitary as was the life they led, one notable man, Coleridge, was a frequent visitor. In a letter to a friend, he relates that "Wordsworth and his exquisite sister are with me; she is a woman indeed—in mind I mean, and in heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty. Her manners are simple, ardent, and impressive; in every motion her innocent soul beams so brightly that whoever saw her would say guilt was a thing impossible with her."

After three pleasant years passed in the South of England, a spirit of unrest took possession of Wordsworth and his sister, and they sought change of scene. Several months were spent in Germany, and they paid a long visit to their relatives at Sockburn-on-Tees. Then, tired of wandering, early recollections and associations determined them to reside permanently in the Lake District. Leaving their Durham friends at the close of the year, they walked through Wensleydale over Sedbergh's naked heights and the high range that divides Yorkshire from Cumberland, and arrived in mid-winter at the small two-storey cottage in that part of Grasmere known as Townend, which was to be their home for eight years. (For a sketch of Dove Cottage, Townend, see page 105.) Here they lived on their little income, Dorothy doing all the household work, for they had no servant. Besides her domestic employments, she wrote out all her brother's poems from his dictation, for he never could bear the strain of transcribing. In addition, she sympathised with him, counselled him, cheered him, and finally engrafted on his austere disposition her own impassioned love of all that is beautiful. While thus ministering to his spiritual wants, she never for one moment neglected his material comfort.

The years passed at Grasmere mark an important era in English literature; it was during this time that Wordsworth's genius was at its brightest and best. Dorothy was ever at his side, and many of his poems are merely rhythmic versions of her descriptions. Most people are familiar with the well-known poem on daffodils, and no better instance can be given of her influence than the following quotation from her journal which Wordsworth embodied in verse:—"When we were in the woods below Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils

close by the water side; as we went on there were more and yet more; and at last under the boughs of the trees we saw a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them; some rested their heads on the stones, as on a pillow; the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing."

Sometimes it is even doubtful as to whether the sister's prose is not truer poetry than the brother's verse. Certainly nothing can be more charming than her description of the "lady of the woods" on a bright, breezy day:—"Our favourite birch tree was yielding to the gusts of the wind with all its tender twigs; the sun shone on it, and it glanced in the wood like a flying sunshiny shower. It was a tree in shape, with stem and branches, but it was like a spirit of water." In 1802, Wordsworth married his cousin and early playfellow, Mary Hutchinson; but the bride's advent at Grasmere brought little change to Dorothy, who continued to fill the same place, sharing the household duties with her sister-in-law, writing out and suggesting poems to her brother; and in addition was always ready, wet or dry, sunshine or rain, night or day, to accompany him on his endless rambles, for Mrs. Wordsworth was never fond of walking. De Quincey gives a graphic account of a visit he paid to the poet's home after his marriage, and describes delightfully the cottage with its diamond-paned windows embowered in roses and honeysuckle, the small, exquisitely clean rooms, the quiet hospitality and simple domestic arrangements of the humble *ménage*. The utter absence of all effort to disguise their honourable poverty struck him with admiration, for, out of that plain living which circumstances enforced, how much high thinking came! It is curious to find that Mrs. Wordsworth, who has been handed down to posterity by her husband "as a phantom of delight," was (according to the great opium-eater) really a plain-looking woman, with a decided squint, and so silent that it was alleged she could only say "God bless you." Perhaps this very silence was one of the reasons why she and Miss Wordsworth lived so happily together, for Dorothy, with her face of Egyptian brown, wild and startling eyes, whose hurried motions denoted her nervous and high-strung temperament, was not the easiest person in the world to get on with.

It was in August, 1803, that Dorothy Wordsworth, though born and reared in sight of Scotland, first set her foot on Scottish ground. Accompanied by her brother William and Coleridge, she set out from Keswick mounted on an outlandish Irish car, the whole party attired in such shabby garments that even the small innkeepers where they lodged must have taken them for "a wheen gangrel bodies," or some offshoot of the many strange religious sects who then abounded on the Borders. Yet what a trio they were! Some friend of Coleridge's remarked

once that he talked like an angel, and did nothing. If the "Ancient Mariner" was nothing, what must his talk have been? But although Dorothy Wordsworth has left a vivid record of all she saw, there is not a word as to what was said. The journey, however, bore abundant fruits, not only in the poems composed by Wordsworth, but in the very remarkable journal kept by his sister during that memorable six weeks. This journal, which remained unpublished for seventy years, is now not only valuable for its historic interest, marking as it does the state of Scotland ninety years ago, but its entries are so truthful and exact that each place described in it seems touched by a light which must consecrate it for ever. Delightful as are the accounts of places they visited, one place they left unseen gains an additional charm from its association with this vagrom tour.

As they travelled homewards down the banks of the Tweed, Dorothy, knowing that the river Yarrow was within an hour's walk, felt most anxious to visit the romantic stream. Wordsworth, probably for some quite prosaic reason, to her great astonishment declined to do so. But the little discussion roused thoughts and feelings which took shape in verse, and "Yarrow Unvisited" remains to us a pleasing proof of fraternal comradeship. It is written in a gayer mood than was usual with Wordsworth. The metre resembles that of the old ballads, and, though not pitched throughout in his highest strain, contains two of his best stanzas. The first verses describe their Scotch wanderings:—

And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my winsome marrow,
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside
And see the braes of Yarrow."

To this importunity the poet replied that they had seen many famous rivers in Scotland, and that other streams were yet before them.

There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow;
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.

His winsome marrow looks up in his face somewhat surprised and pained at what seems scorn of the song-honoured river. Touched by her look, he, in more serious manner, replies, admitting that there must be something worth seeing about the fair flowing river, with its treasured tales of times long past. He assures her, however, that for the present it must remain a dream, and in a cheerful spirit concludes the poem with the comforting hope that

Should life be dull and spirits low,
"Twill soothe us in our sorrow
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow.

Wordsworth did visit, and revisited, its bonny braes,

but for poor Dorothy the stream remained for ever unseen and unknown.

As the poet's family increased, so did his income. He received a Government appointment with a salary of £500 a year, had other legacies left him, and found himself in a position to move to a more commodious dwelling. His first migration was to Allen Bank; then he removed to the parsonage at Grasmere, and finally he went to Rydal Mount. In all these changes of abode Dorothy accompanied him, and shared his joys and troubles. With gifts which, had she chosen, might have won her literary distinction, she was content to forget herself, merge all her interests in her brother's, and allow her thoughts to find voice only in his poetry. Refusing many offers of marriage, she gave herself up to one work—to live only for and in him. When he was at last acknowledged by the world as the great original poet of the century, she who had helped to make him so was almost past rejoicing at her work. In 1829 severe illness so prostrated her mind and body that she never recovered her former health. She had exhausted herself in her ceaseless efforts to smooth the path of her earthly idol, and the continuous strain wore out that once buoyant frame and fervid spirit. But not before her self-imposed task was accomplished, and she was content to know that he to whom she had dedicated her days was happy, famous, and prosperous. Though mentally and bodily feeble, she outlived her brother. She died at Rydal Mount in 1856, aged eighty-three, and now rests with her beloved kindred in the green churchyard at Grasmere; the clear waters of the Rothay, which in life she loved so well, murmuring a perpetual lullaby a few yards from her grave.

M. S. HARDCASTLE.

The Maddison Monument.



ONE of the chief adornments of the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas', Newcastle, is the elaborate sculpture here represented, known as the Maddison Monument. It commemorates three generations of the worshipful family of Maddison, who were municipal dignitaries in Newcastle during the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. Lionel Maddison, the founder of the family, came to Newcastle from Unthank, near Stanhope, became alderman and Sheriff, and was twice Mayor of Newcastle. His only son, Henry Maddison, was Mayor also. Henry was the father of sixteen children, of whom the eldest, Lionel, being Mayor of the town in 1633 when Charles I. passed through on his way to be crowned in Scotland, received the honour of knighthood.

The monument appears to have been erected by Sir Lionel soon after the death of his father. At the top are statues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Faith, on the left,

is represented in a sitting posture, holding a book in one hand, and a cross in the other; Hope, to the right, reclines on her anchor in an attitude of aspiration; Charity, in the centre, stands erect, holding in her right hand a flaming heart. Under the statue of Faith are inscribed the words "Memoriae Sacrum"—sacred to the memory; below Hope is written "Memorare Novissima"—to relate the last words.

In the body of the monument are six kneeling figures—three men and three women. Those on the left are Alderman Lionel Maddison and Jane Seymour, his wife. The central figures are Henry Maddison, their son, and his wife, Elizabeth Barker. The effigy in



The Maddison Monument.

armour on the right is Sir Lionel Maddison, and behind him kneels Anne Hall, his wife. Below the principal figures are sixteen smaller ones, representing Henry Maddison's sixteen children—ten sons and six daughters. Above are coats of arms indicating the family alliances—Maddison quartering respectively Marley, Seymour, Barker, and Hall.

Under the figures of Alderman Lionel Maddison and his wife, on the left side of the monument, is the inscription:—

Here rests in Christian hope ye Bodies of Lionell Maddison, sone to Rowland Maddison of Vnthanke in ye covnty of Durham, Esq. and of Iane his wife. Shee Died Ivly 9, 1611. Hee having been thrice Maior of this Towne Departed Dec. 6, 1624, aged 94 Yeares. Hee

liued to see his onely sonne Henry Father to a Fayre & numerous Issue.

The two panels in front, beneath the figures of Henry and his wife, are inscribed as follows:—

Here Interred also are the Bodys of Henry Maddison & Elizabeth his Wife (Daughter to Robert Barker of this Towne Alderman) who liued together most comfortably and louingly in trve Wedlock ye space of 40 Yeares. He was sometye Maior of this Towne & having liued in good name & fame 60 Yeares Deceased in ye trve Faith of Christ the 14th of Ivly 1634.

Elizabeth his only Wife had issue by him ten sonnes Sr Lionell Maddison Kt., Raphe, Robert, William, Henry, Peter, George, Timothy & Thomas, & six Daughters Iane, Svsan, Elizabeth, Barbara, Elenor & Iane. All the sonns at his death were liuing but Iohn, who died in ye late Expedition to Cadiz. She liued his Widow 19 Yeares and being Aged 79 Yeares Dyed the 24 of September 1653.

The panel to the right, beneath Sir Lionel and his wife, was left blank for their descendants to fill up. For some reason or other—perhaps, as Brand suggests, because of the knight's defection from the cause of the king—this panel remained unappropriated for more than two hundred years. But when St. Nicholas' was restored in 1873-77, and the monument was removed from the western pillar of the south aisle of the chancel, cleaned, and set up in the south transept, Mr. Henry Maddison, of Darlington (who died in Newcastle February 6, 1891) caused the space to be filled with the following inscription:—

In this chvrch are also interred the mortal remains of Sir Lionel Maddison, Knt. (descended from the ancient and worshipful family of Maddison of Ellergill & Vnthank, co. Dyrham) who was Mayor of this town in 1632, & died in Nov. 1646, aged 51 Years; & of Anne his wife, who was sister and co-heiress of Sir Alexander Hall, Knt. and died in April, 1633.

[This date, by the way, is wrong. Lady Anne Maddison was buried on the 14th of April, 1663.]

Beneath the panels are four Latin mottoes. To the left, under Lionel's wife, "Anime syper æthera vivunt"—Souls live above the sky. Beneath Lionel and Henry, "Decus vite est honorata mors"—The glory of life is an honoured death. Under Sir Lionel and his mother, "Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur"—Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Below Sir Lionel's wife, "Seriuss aut citius Metam properamus ad vnam"—Sooner or later we all hasten to one goal.

Originally the base of the monument contained a series of small shields indicating the marriages of Sir Lionel Maddison's brothers and sisters, but these have long disappeared. So far as can be ascertained the marriages were as follows:—Ralph, to Elizabeth, sister to Sir Lionel's wife; Robert, to a Miss Draper; William, to Rebecca Gray; Henry (Sheriff of Newcastle, 1642-43, and Mayor, 1665-66), to Gertrude, daughter of Sir George Tonge; Peter (Sheriff of Newcastle, 1637-38), to Elizabeth Marley; Thomas, to Jane, daughter of Ralph Cock; Jane, to William, son of Sir Nicholas Tempest; Elizabeth, 1st to William Bewicke, son of Robert Bewicke the Puritan Mayor, and 2ndly to Thomas Loraine, of Kirkharle; Eleanor, to Sir Francis Bowes; Jane (born after the first Jane's death), to Sir James Clavering.

Sir Lionel Maddison left an only daughter, Elizabeth, who married Feb. 27, 1639-40, Sir George Vane of Longnewton, Knt., second son of Sir Henry Vane of Raby Castle, and brother of Sir Harry Vane of the Commonwealth. From this marriage the noble house of Londonderry traces its descent.

RICHARD WELFORD.

A Reminiscence of Mrs. Montagu.



N original, but hitherto unpublished, letter of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, who formerly resided at Denton Hall, Northumberland (see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, p. 132), shows that, regardless of the constant sneers at Tyneside, its scenery, the people and their customs, which appear in her other letters, the writer still had a warm affection and remembrance for her neighbourhood and dependents, and that even at her then advanced age she had the welfare of her workpeople and tenants even in the Far North always at heart.

The letter, which is now in my possession, is dated October 20, and was franked at London "October the twenty-first, 1794." It is addressed to a Mr. Woodhouse, Scotswood, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was apparently written at her residence at Sandleford, near Newbury, Berkshire. Who Mr. Woodhouse was I am unable to say, but, from the number of instructions and advice she gives him, he may probably have been her steward or agent.

The following is a copy of the letter:—

Oct. 20. 30.

My good Friend,—My dear Mrs. M. Montagu's bad complaint in her eyes made it necessary for her to go to London for advice, which I thank God has much relieved her, as yr letter of yesterday informed me. For the first three days she was not sensible of any benefit, but there is now hope every day will bring on a further amendment.

As my House is not near so cheerfull as when my young Friends are here, I intend to be in London ye 2d day of Novbr. In ye meantime you may direct yr letters rather to Manchester Square than Sandleford, lest any inducement should carry me to London sooner than I intend.

Pray give yr enclosed immediately to yr School Master who is to be my Butler. I wd have pottatoes, barley, and butter as usual, and shall want also Coal, and I should be glad of a dry'd Salmon.

I desire old Mrs. Brown may be told I wish to have her spin me some Huck a back, and that I shall set a great value upon it for her sake, and give my love to her and her good old man. I hope you sent them a goose and barrel of beer at Michaelmas.

I was glad to learn by your letter that our Pittmen keep constant at their work. I believe I mentioned to you that you are to give Dixon five guineas towards his journey, and to advance him a quarter's wages if it will be useful to him.

I had designed to write to your dear wife to-day, but was prevented by a very large party coming to see me at this place. Pray give my kindest love to her and all yr family.

I am ever yours and your dear wife's

most sincere and affectionate Friend,

ELIZ. MONTAGU.

The handwriting is small, neat, and precise. The

number 30 in the top right hand corner I am unable to explain, nor can I say what "your enclosed" was, unless it was another letter. What a tale of degeneration the words "your schoolmaster who is to be my butler" imply! Mrs. M. Montagu was the wife of Matthew Robinson, a nephew of the writer's, who took at her request the name of Montagu. From the words "as usual" which succeed "pottatoes, barley, and butter," it may be presumed that these articles, when produced in her Northern home, found greater favour with the worthy lady than those produced on her more Southern estates, and that Denton regularly supplied Sandleford, and in all probability Manchester Square as well (the London house was situated in Manchester Square). Huck-a-back was a coarse kind of linen cloth used for household purposes, which until I read the above letter I was unaware was spun in Northumberland.

PERCY S. HOYLE.

Levens Hall, Westmoreland.

ONE of the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of Kendal, the chief town of Westmoreland, is Levens Hall, a venerable mansion, built in the old English style, which has belonged successively to the Redmans, the Bellinghams, the Grahams, and the Howards.

The antiquary and the archaeologist will here find many rare curiosities to arrest attention. In the interior there is an endless variety of carved work, consisting of figures, emblems, and ornaments, which are said

to date from the time of Queen Elizabeth. These artistic productions were executed to the order of one of the Bellinghams, who expressed his determination to "outdo his contemporary, Walter Strickland of Sizergh." The carved work in the north dining-room alone was valued, fifty years ago, at not less than £3,000. The chimney piece is supported by figures of Hercules and Samson, and in compartments are representations of the four elements, the four seasons, and the five senses. Another room is hung with Gobeline tapestry depicting an Italian legend, while other rooms are adorned with hangings of great costliness and beauty. Various relics of a turbulent age are to be found in the entrance hall, and the principal rooms are hung with noble pictures.

The fame of Levens Hall rests, however, not so much upon its interior adornments as upon its gardens, which are laid out in a very quaint style. They were originally designed by Beaumont, gardener to James II., who lived with the owner of Levens Hall during the troublous times that befel his master. For many years they were in a wild and neglected state; but Colonel Howard greatly improved them, without changing their original character, having had the assistance of Mr. Archibald Forbes, author of a work entitled "Ornamental Gardening." As will be seen from our drawing, which is reproduced from Allom's Views, the yews, hollies, and other evergreens have been cut into many shapes, more remarkable for eccentricity than beauty; but they are undoubtedly fine specimens of topiarian art, and always excite the admiration of landscape gardeners.

An old custom was annually observed at Levens Hall on May 12. The Mayor and Corporation of Kendal,



Levens Hall, Westmoreland.

after having assembled at Milnthorpe, and proclaimed the fair there, adjourned to the gardens to witness athletic sports, bowling, &c. An excessively strong ale, called "Morocco," with bread and butter and radishes, was served out to all present. This annual festival dates from the time of Colonel Graham.

Levens Hall is surrounded by a park containing many beautiful trees. The river Kent enters the demesne at the north by a waterfall, called Levens Force, and winds through the estate for a distance of about a mile and a-half. On the southern side of the river, at a place called Kirksteads, are the remains of a circular building alleged by authorities to be a temple devoted to Diana. In the same locality is a spring known as the Dropping Well, which is endowed with petrifying qualities, like the Dropping Well of Knaresborough. "In a short time the water turns moss, wood, leaves, and the like into stone," or rather the appearance of stone.

The Bumler Boy.

MIDDLE-AGED residents in Newcastle will remember a curious structure that was exposed to view when St. John's Lane was being converted into West Grainger Street. This structure was part of an old tannery that stood somewhere behind the Scotch Arms in Newgate Street. It presented so curious an appearance to the wayfarer during the time West Grainger Street was in process of construction that it received many popular and appro-

priate names, such as "Bumler Box," "Noah's Ark," and "Hancock's Birdcage." A photograph of this strange structure was taken at the time by the late Mr. William Guthrie, who was attached to the Tyne Theatre, and who established a photographic business in Nun Street some twenty-five or thirty years ago. The accompanying sketch is copied from Mr. Guthrie's photograph. It will be seen that Madame Tonnellier, the well-known vocalist, was performing in opera at the Tyne Theatre when the Bumler Box was one of the curiosities of Newcastle.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

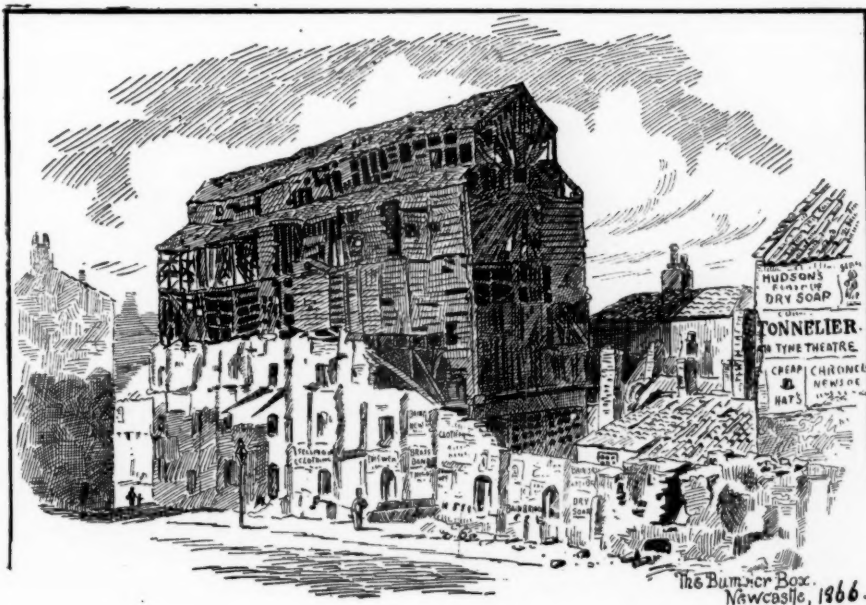
By Richard Melford.

George Grey,

COUNSELLOR AND DIARIST.



BRANCH of the far-spreading family of Grey was established at Southwick, in the parish of Monkwearmouth, by George Grey, of Barton in Rydale, Yorkshire, who, about the year 1630, purchased the freehold estate of the Hedworths in that village. The eldest son of the settler, George Grey No. 2, a Captain of Foot for the Parliament in the Northern Association, who married a Robinson of Rokeby for his first wife and a Newcastle lady for his second, left, among other issue, George Grey No. 3, a well-known elegyman. The clergyman—rector of Law-



ton, in Cheshire, for a time, and afterwards for about thirty years rector of Burniston, near Bedale, became the father of two notable men—Dr. Zachary Grey, the learned editor of "*Hudibras*" and opponent of Warburton, and George Grey No. 4, counsellor at law in Newcastle.

Counsellor George Grey was born at Lawton on the 20th of October, 1680, and received his early education at Burniston Grammar School. From thence he was sent to the University of Edinburgh and then proceeded to Howgrave, to study law under Thomas Bendloes. The next step in his educational progress was his entry in May, 1699, as a student at Gray's Inn, London. For a couple of years he had chambers there, but in 1701 he exchanged these for lodgings at the house of Jacob Tonson, the original publisher of Milton's "*Paradise Lost*," Dryden's Plays, and other famous works. With Tonson he remained till he was called to the bar in 1706 and commenced practice. Choosing the Northern Circuit as the one most likely to yield him clients he came down to York Assizes in 1710, and thence followed the judges to Durham and Newcastle—a memorable journey, which led to his marriage. For as he was lodging in the house of one Robert Sutton, at Gateshead, his landlady told him of a young lady, Alice, daughter of James Clavering, of Greencroft, and granddaughter of Sir James Clavering, of Axwell, who would make him a suitable wife. During the winter following, being on a visit to her great-uncle, Robert Ellison, of Hebburn, he was taken to a party at Ravensworth Castle, at which Miss Clavering was a guest. He came, saw, and conquered—in other words, he fell in love with the maiden, proposed for her hand, was accepted, and on the 13th October, 1712, married.

By the death of his father the year before, young Mr. Grey had received his share of the family property at Southwick; besides which he was heir to the Newton Picot estate of an uncle, the Rev. Matthew Robinson, of Burniston. So, to be near Southwick, and not too far from his wife's relatives at Greencroft, and at the same time to keep in touch with a great commercial centre, out of which pretty constant employment for lawyers never fails to arise, the young couple settled in Newcastle. We know from Bourne's history whereabouts in the town they lived. "Lower down a little," writes the historian, describing the Bailiffgate end of Westgate Street, "almost at the End of the Street, on that same Side of the Street where are the Houses of George Grey, Esq., Mr. Anderson, etc., was the House of the Carmelites or White Fryers." Somewhere, therefore, between Westmorland House and the Postern lived Counsellor George and Mrs. Grey at the date of Bourne's history.

In Newcastle, practising chiefly as a chamber counsel, and varying his professional work with the life of a country gentleman upon the family estate at Southwick, Mr. Grey resided for sixty years. If not exactly a public man in the sense of occupying an official position, or

taking a prominent part in the political or municipal life of the town, he was eminent in legal acquirements and professional influence. In what may be termed the unpublished history of the Northern Counties—wills and deeds, transmissions of property, pleadings at the Assizes and in the Courts of Law at Westminster—his name constantly appears. Thus, Mrs. Anne Davison, making her will in December, 1719, left the surplus of her personal estate to him and three others, to be devoted to purposes of charity, and he, outliving his co-trustee, founded with the proceeds the almshouses in the Manors for widows of clergymen and merchants which, until swept away by the railway, was known as Davison's Hospital. In like manner Barbara Gee, widow, made him, with Benjamin Bennet (author of "*The Irenicum*"), Joseph Airey, and another, a trustee of her will, by which she charged property in Pilgrim Street, now covered by the Royal Arcade, with payment of £6 10s. per annum to the minister of the Close Gate Meeting House—a payment that is still received by the trustees of the Church of the Divine Unity in Newcastle.

Moving among the upper ranks of local society—the Claverings, Liddells, and Ellisons—Counsellor Grey was one of the "conversable" men whose paucity of numbers in Newcastle at the middle of last century Dr. Alexander Carlyle, of Inveresk, noted down in his autobiography. And not only was he a "conversable" man. He had been a diarist in his youth, and in his maturer age he wrote to his more celebrated brother Zachary letters that exhibit him as a man of many parts, taking an intelligent interest not only in his profession, but in agriculture, literature, and the passing questions of the day.

The diary of the counsellor constitutes his chief claim to celebrity. For minuteness of detail, innocence of expression, and inappreciation of the relative importance of events, it beats the prolix diaries of Anthony Wood and Elias Ashmole out of the field. For example:—

1680. October 20. I was born at Lawton, in Cheshire, and baptized October 31. My grandfather Cowdry one of my godfathers. About this time the great comet was seen.

1684-5. March 18. Came from Cheshire to Burniston with my father; I was carryd on a pillow on horseback before one Tho. Frank.

1687. May. I was admitted to the Latin School at Burniston, under Mr. Samuel Hulm. 1689. I had a bile on my neck.

1696. October. My father went with me to Edenbrough; I was admitted of the College under Mr. Robert Scott; we went from Southwick, and crossed the Tyne at Shields ferry, and did not go through Newcastle.

1699. May 1. I went to London in stage coach, and May 19, I first went into Chambers in Gray's Inn; it was a ground (chamber) in Chappel Court.

1701. April. I left chambers in Gray's Inn, and lodgd with Mr. Jacob Tonson the bookseller. July. I went into Yorkshire along with Mr. Hayfrid Wainwright and learned mensurac'on. October. I gott my book of mapps.

1704. I went to Cambridge to meet my brother Zachary, and admit him of Jesus College. June. I bought my foot rule, with compasses and pencil, it cost 7s. 6d. June 29. Bought my 8vo. Bible, it cost 7s. 6d. July 10. Went into Yorkshire in stage coach. I eat on

the road some raisins, which in my pocket happened to mix with a dentrice made of beaten china, which threw me into so violent vomiting and purging that I had like to have dyd on the road. Dec. I was at Southwick, and we divided Simonside.

1706. April 29. I was called to the barr.

1708. Feb. 14. Set forwards in stage coach for Yorkshire; I then had a severe cold, which fix'd my jaws that I could not chew my meat; but though the frost was very severe I recovered on the road, and got well home by the blessing of God.

1710. Aug. 19. At York assizes, and from thence went to Durham assizes, and then to Newcastle, and lodgd at Mr. Robert Sutton's in Gateshead, and Mrs. Sutton then recommended my dear Alice to me for a wife, though I had never heard of such a person. Feb. 20. I was made a Freemason at Beedall.

1711. I went to Robert Ellison's Esq. at Hebburn, January 18, and staid mostly there till 14 Feb. Mr. Ellison proposed my dear Alice to me for a wife, carryd me to Ravensworth Castle to see her, went to Greencroft, and proposed the match to Mr. Clavering and wife, her father and mother.

1712. June 13. I came from Gatonby to settle at Newcastle; brother Zachary was with me. Sept. 29. Bought the wedding ring. Oct. 11. Got a licence. Oct. 13. I marryd my dear Alice.

1713. April 30. My dear wife came to my house at Newcastle. Aug. 4. Son George born 30 minits past eleven at night; baptized 25, brother Liddell and brother Clavering godfathers, aunt Rogers godmother.

1714. Oct. 30. Daughter Jane born a quarter past six at night, bapt. 28. Jan. 26. Sworn by a Dedimus for Commission of Peace for County of Durham.

Mr. Grey lost his "dear Alice" the day after Christmas, 1744, and two years later his only surviving son. This son, the fifth George Grey of Southwick, had married Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Ogle, of Kirkley, by whom he left issue one son, also named George, and a daughter named Elizabeth. The latter, uniting the Greys of Southwick and Howick by her marriage with Charles, son of Sir Henry Grey, became the first Countess Grey, and the mother of Earl Grey, the Reformer. The old counsellor lived twenty-eight years after his wife's decease, and ten years after his grand-daughter's marriage. Dying at length on the 24th May, 1772, at the patriarchal age of ninety-one, he was buried in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle.

Robert Grey, D.D.,

A NOTABLE ECCLESIASTIC.

Sir Ralph Grey, of Horton and Chillingham, father of William, Lord Grey of Wark, had, by a second marriage, a son named Robert, who, entering into holy orders, rose to a position of eminence in the diocese of Durham. Born about the year 1610, he was educated partly at Northallerton, and partly by Amor Oxley, schoolmaster in North Northumberland, and afterwards head master of the Royal Free Grammar School, Newcastle. From Oxley's care he proceeded to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he finished his scholastic course, and probably took his arts degrees. His father, dying in 1623, left him the estate of Little Langton-upon-Swale, in Yorkshire, and upon the decease of his mother, in 1635, he came into possession of other property. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he attached himself to the Royalist side of the

quarrel, and thus, while his half-brothers, Lord Grey of Wark and John Grey of Bamborough, were assisting to fight the battles of Parliament, he and another brother were helping the king. In 1644 he was one of a party of cavaliers, several of them belonging to Northumberland and Durham, who were besieged in the little stronghold of Millum Castle, Cumberland, the property of Ferdinando Huddleston, his brother-in-law. Later on he was arrested for delinquency, the charges against him being that he had enlisted men to serve under his brother, Colonel Grey (slain at Newark), had communicated "by means of a Northern woman" with the king's garrison, spent three days in the camp of Prince Rupert on Bellerby Moor with his brother and Colonel Clavering, ridden among his brother's troop into Northumberland, bestowed 40s. upon Royalist soldiers at Durham as he passed through the city, &c., &c. Pleading the Act of General Pardon and consenting to take the oath of fidelity to the Commonwealth, he was allowed, though not without subsequent questioning, to enjoy his own again. Morton, Bishop of Durham, stripped of the revenues of the see and living retired as tutor in the family of Sir Henry Yelverton, at Easton Mauduit, Northamptonshire, collated him, in March, 1652, to the rectory of Bishopwearmouth, and in May following conferred upon him the eighth stall in Durham Cathedral. While the Commonwealth lasted, these were empty preferments; but at the restoration of the monarchy, created D.D. by mandamus, he entered into beneficial occupation of the rectory and the stall, and fulfilled the duties belonging thereto till his death. He was found dead in his study on the 9th of July, 1704, aged 94 years.

Dr. Grey, described by Dr. Raine as living, like a second Bernard Gilpin, a life of the most disinterested liberality and the most unfeigned piety, and dying the death of a saint, is the subject of a collection of anecdotes, which Spearman, the antiquary, contemplating a biography of him, gathered together, and left, with many other projects of a similar nature, incomplete. The following are interesting excerpts from Spearman's MSS. :-

Bishop Crewe pressed Dr. Grey and Dr. Morton [prebend of the sixth stall] to read King James's declaration for a Dispensing Power in their parish churches, which they declining, and arguing against it, he angrily told Dr. Grey his age made him doat, he had forgott his learning. The good old doctor briskly replied he had forgott more learning than his Lordship ever had. "Well," said the Bishop, "I'll forgive and reverence you, but cannot pardon that blockhead Morton, whom I raised from nothing." They thereupon tooke their leave of the Bishop, who, with great civility, waited upon them towards the gate, and ye porter opening ye wickett, or posterne only, ye Bishop said "Sirrah, why don't you open ye great gates?" "No," says ye Reverend Dr. Grey, "my Lord, wee'le leave ye broad way to yr Lordship, ye strait way will serve us."

In King James' reign, riding on horseback from his Rectory at Bpp. Wearmouth to Durham, Mr. J. Lamb, a popish Justice of Peace, a busy, active, and fierce man for that party (as all renegades are violent, and being raised from being a coachman to Mr. Challoner's family),

overtook ye Doctor, sneered at him, and told him he wondered he would ride on so fine a palfrey when his Saviour was content to ride upon a colt, the foal of an ass; the Doctor replied, "Tis true, sir, but the King has made so many asses Justices of the Peace he has not left me one to ride upon."

As he was going from his house to church many poor attended (as they daily used to do) his going out. His Curate, Mr. Broughton, going before him, chid them for being so troublesome and said he wondered at their impudence, when, to his knowledge, the Dr. had given them all money the day before, and bid them begone. "How now, good Mr. Broughton," said the Doctor, "are you angry at the poor, and daily read the Lord's Prayer? Doe you aske of God your daily bread, which he gives you plentifully, and will you grudge giving a share of it to the poor, or can you be angry at their asking a daily supply for their necessities? I hope you are a better man." And thereupon called back the poor, gave money to each of them, and bid them come daily to his door, and go to church, and he would relieve them, and said he did not find himself a jot the poorer for what he gave them.

Another day, as he came out of his gate, a poor salter's horse fell down under his load and died, and the man lamenting his losse, and having a family to maintaine, the Dr. ordered his servant to give him his old padd; which much rejoiced the poor man. And about a month after the Dr. mett the poor man with two horses laden with salt, and not the old pad. "How now, friend," says the Dr., "what's become of my pad?" "Truly, Sir, I exchanged him for these two horses, and had money to boot. Your's was too good for the worke, and required better keeping than I could afford; I hope you are not angry?" "No, I am pleased," says the Dr.: "my horse has made two horses. You can do more than I can do; thou can increase and multiply, which I never attempted. God increase thy store. Be honest and prosper"; and gave him 5s. and parted.

Dr. Grey died a bachelor, and intestate. Administration of his effects was granted to Ralph Lord Grey, Governor of Barbadoes, Henry Neville of Billingbear, and Edward Bedingfeld of Chillingham Castle. What was left of his patrimony yielded £130 per annum, and there was found in his study £300 wrapped up in papers, containing £5 each, which he had laid aside for funeral expenses and legacies. He had given away everything else in charity.

Gilbert and George Gray.

ECENTRIC GENIUS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Gilbert Gray was of Scottish parentage, and had been educated at Aberdeen for the Presbyterian ministry. Being a young man of independent thought and eccentric action, he had been unable to subscribe to the "standards" of the Church, and, deeming himself in other respects altogether unfitted for pastoral work, had ceased his theological studies, acquired the art of bookbinding, and somewhere between 1730 and 1740 had engaged himself as bookbinder and general shopman to Allan Ramsay, the poet, who carried on the business of a bookseller in Edinburgh. Allan Ramsay, as we know from an oft-quoted couplet, was a friend and correspondent of Martin Bryson, the Tyne Bridge bookseller, and when Mr. Bryson took into partnership his apprentice, William Charnley, and wanted an assistant, Gilbert Gray was sent by Allan Ramsay to help the new firm in extending their local connection. The partnership of Messrs.

Bryson and Charnley began in 1750; that is, therefore, about the time when Gilbert Gray, an unmarried man of forty, came to settle in Newcastle. Five years later the firm resolved itself into its original elements, and Gray transferred his services to Mr. Thomas Slack, printer, bookseller, and founder of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. With Mr. Slack, and his successor, Solomon Hodgson, acting in the triple capacity of proof reader, bookbinder, and warehouseman, he remained for nearly forty years, and, dying on the 12th February, 1794, aged 85, was buried in the Nonconformist burial ground at the Ballast Hills.



Gilbert Gray.

The story of Gilbert Gray's life in Newcastle is told in Mackenzie's "History," and Thomas Bewick's "Autobiography." Both writers exhibit him as a man of conspicuous ability, industry and benevolence. Mackenzie states that, without trenching upon his duty to his employers, he was able to undertake considerable business on his own account. Among his abortive speculations was an attempt to manufacture paper in Pandon Dens out of paper shavings; among his successful enterprises were the manufacture of "Dr. Anderson's Scotch Pills," (which he sold to Mr. Slack "by the bushel"), and the compilation of useful books for country readers. He re-issued, and sold in numbers, an anti-clerical publication known as "The Independent Whig"; wrote himself and published "The Countryman's Treasure"—a book devoted to the ailments of domestic animals, and the best means of curing them; and "Multum in Parvo," a collection of moral axioms. He also compiled "The Complete Fabulist," and an "Epitome of the History of England," for the use of schools, "which is thought to have been the first work of the kind published." These books he offered

for sale in a cheap form to country people who attended Newcastle Market.

His mode of living was singular and economical. He varied his favourite dish of hasty pudding with pease, which usually stood in a bowl near to him while at work, and which, with water, satisfied the wants of nature. He scarcely ever tasted animal food; and on being once presented with a goose, it was salted, hung up, and cut into slices and broiled as wanted. If ever he ventured into a public-house with his friends, he strictly limited himself to one pint of ale. When drowsy he lay down; when refreshed he rose up, without any regard to time or custom. His savings were generally applied in releasing from prison some poor, honest, unfortunate debtor; but he was frequently imposed upon by the artful tales of his countrymen, all of whom, at last, he viewed with undiscriminating suspicion. In Newcastle he married a woman called Wallace, and some time after her death another named Spence, by whom he had three sons—George, William, and John. In early life he had embraced the tenets of the Quakers, and he always retained the calm, deliberate, and punctual manner of that sect. His wife admired and practised his principles of abstemiousness and charity; and they lived together in a state of uncommon felicity.

Bewick's testimony is that of a youthful friend and admirer. The workroom of Gilbert Gray was a rendezvous for thoughtful lads of Bewick's age. It was there that he met William Bulmer, afterwards famous as the founder of the Shakespeare Press; Thomas Spence, the "Spencean Reformer," and others less known to fame. Writing about the early days of his apprenticeship, Bewick describes the old man's kindly attentions and eccentricities with high appreciation:—

His moral lectures and advice to me formed a most important succedaneum to those imparted by my parents. His wise remarks, his detestation of vice, his industry, and his temperance, crowned with a lively and cheerful disposition, altogether made him appear to me as one of the best of characters. In his workshop I often spent my winter evenings. This was also the case with a number of young men, who might be considered as his pupils; many of whom, I have no doubt, he directed into the paths of truth and integrity, and who revered his memory through life. He rose early to work, lay down when he felt weary, and rose again when refreshed. His diet was of the simplest kind, and he ate when hungry, and drank when dry, without paying regard to meal times. By steadily pursuing this mode of life he was enabled to accumulate sums of money—from ten to thirty pounds. This enabled him to get books of an entertaining and moral tendency printed and circulated at a cheap rate. I have often discovered that he did not overlook ingenious mechanics whose misfortunes—perhaps mismanagement—had led them to a lodging in Newgate. To these he directed his compassionate eye, and for the deserving (in his estimation) he paid their debt, and set them at liberty. I lived in habits of intimacy with him to the end of his life, and when he died, I, with other of his friends, attended his remains to the grave at the Ballast Hills.

George, the eldest son of Gilbert Gray, by the second marriage, was born in 1758. He received his education at the Royal Free Grammar School in the Spital, under that famous head-master, the Rev. Hugh Moises. A marked fondness for drawing, which young Gray exhibited in early childhood, induced his father to place him under the tuition of Mr. Jones, an eminent fruit painter in Newcastle, and rarely had artist a more promising apprentice. Before many years were over, the skill of the pupil exceeded that of the teacher. Besides draw-

ing and painting, he studied botany, mineralogy, and chemistry—studied them to such purpose that, in 1787, he determined to enlarge his stores of knowledge by foreign travel. Fired by the examples of Bruce and Captain Cook, he sailed from Whitehaven to North America, resolved to see for himself the habits of life among savages, and to investigate upon his own account the secrets which Nature had hidden in that far-off region. Unaided and alone he traversed the wild regions of the New Continent, and returned to Newcastle with a rich harvest of experience in the manners and customs of



George Gray, Fruit Painter.

uncivilized tribes, and abundant treasures in natural history.

The fame of this adventure was speedily noised abroad, and in 1791 he was engaged by Prince Poniatowsky to conduct an exploring party into the interior of Poland, for the purpose of examining and reporting upon the geology of that country. This appointment was entirely to his taste, but the method of conducting the expedition did not correspond to his plain and simple habits. Fancying himself slighted, he abandoned the expedition at Cracow, and returned to Newcastle. The fear of similar disappointment led him to refuse an offer from Major George Anderson, who desired to secure his services as botanist, geologist, and draughtsman, in a tour through Iceland. He preferred to remain at home, where he could teach drawing, paint a little, and indulge his eccentricities. In 1794, he opened a shop in Dean Street, as a "portrait, fruit, house, and sign painter"; but his want of capital and his contempt for the forms and courtesies of business, soon induced him to resign the project. After this, he removed to Pudding Chare, where,

He lived very retired, and devoted much of his time to chemical researches. Some of his discoveries, particularly two on making bread from roots, he communicated to the

Literary and Philosophical Society. He was long engaged in making an improved ink for printers, and the late Lord Stanhope [of the Stanhope Press] took out a caveat for his substitute for oak bark. His proper business of painting and teaching drawing he followed only so far as was absolutely necessary. Many of his fruit pieces were exquisite, and exhibited a natural transparency of texture seldom attained. He always endeavoured to practise his father's abstemiousness, and to avoid eating with his gormandizing acquaintance. He certainly enjoyed the conviviality of a little circle of clever men, but on one occasion he was obliged to fly to Sunderland in order to escape the temptations to which he was exposed by his jolly companions. A female was never permitted to cross his threshold: but after he had struggled for a time with a severe fit of sickness in his solitary apartment, he began to think that "it is not good for man to be alone." He therefore married a Mrs. Dobie, the widow of a poor shoemaker; but upon her death, he declared that all the riches of Mexico and Peru should not tempt him to repeat the experiment.

Bewick, who was five years his senior, formed a friendship for George Gray which only death divided. In the "Autobiography" he describes him as "one of the best botanists and chemists in this part of the country." Although his room was "never cleaned or swept," and he carried on his employment "surrounded with models, crucibles, gallipots, brushes, paints, palettes, bottles, jars, retorts, and distills, in such a chaos of confusion as no words can describe," yet "from this *sanctum sanctorum* he corresponded with gentlemen of science in London and other parts." "Few men," he adds, "were better liked by private friends, as well for his knowledge as for his honesty, and the genuine simplicity of his manners."

Notwithstanding his unwholesome habits, and his unhealthy surroundings, George Gray lived to the age of sixty. He died at his house in Pudding Chare, on Thursday, December the 9th, 1819, and was buried in St. John's Churchyard on the Sunday following. John Bell, the antiquary, made an appeal to the public for means to erect a monument to his memory; but so far as can be ascertained the proposal was unheeded, and "neither stone nor storied urn" marks his resting-place.

Northumbrian Hermits.



WEARINESS of the world, and a longing desire to merit transference to a better, through a persistent course of austerity and sacrifice, have disposed many pious individuals, in all ages and countries, and of every rank in life, to retire from the neighbourhood of their fellow-men, and take up their solitary abode in desert places. Witness the Gymnosophists of Ancient India; the Hindoo; Yogins; the Fakirs, Santons, and Dervishes of Turkey; the Marabouts of Morocco; the Bikshus of Indo-China; the Nazarites and Essenes of Judæa; the Eremites and Anchorites of primitive Christian times; the Culdees of North Britain; and many more too numerous to particularise. It would doubtless be too much to assert that the spirit which animated all these fugitives to withdraw from common society was one and the same; yet there

can be no question but that many of them, at least, fled into the wilderness to escape from the general lawlessness of the times they lived in, which they felt themselves individually impotent to stand against.

In the dark ages following on the introduction of Christianity into Northumberland, when the pagan Mercians on the one hand, and the savage Danes on the other, kept up an almost incessant reign of terror in the land, this quarter of Britain produced, we have no doubt, many hermits, but particularly that prince of Anglian confessors, the illustrious St. Cuthbert. Conceiving that the comparative luxury and ease of a monastic life afforded too many selfish enjoyments, and distracted his mind from the contemplation of Divine things, he retired to the largest of the Farne Islands—now known as the House Island—opposite to Bamborough, and there commenced the life of an anchorite, building to himself a cell, with a small oratory, which he surrounded with a wall so high as to cut off his view from every object but heaven. This dreary place was well suited to a life of mortification, being, as the legend says, "full of devils," and "void of trees, water, and graine." During the saint's residence there, it was the scene of more miracles than perhaps any other islet within the bounds of Christendom ever was. In the first place, the evil spirits which frequented it were put to flight; then fresh water gushed forth from the rock at the command of the holy man; the earth brought forth corn, without either seed or tillage; the birds of the air, when they came to tithe the spontaneous crop, left off at once at the saint's bidding; and, to crown all, two thievish crows, which had plucked off the best straws from the thatch of this poor hut, for the purpose of building their nests, came back at his call, evinced their penitence in the plainest terms they could use, prostrated themselves at his feet for absolution, and next day brought him a dainty piece of pork to make amends for the injury they had done his roof! In his solitude, Cuthbert lived nine years, "so much devoted to heaven that he forgot he was on earth."

Of the Hermit of Warkworth, whom the ballad of Bishop Percy has made famous, a full account is given in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1890, p. 346.

There is a place called the Hermitage, in the parish of St. John Lee, near Hexham, which, as Hodgson truly says, "both art and nature have united their efforts to render charming." It was to this sweet solitude, then known as Erneshow, or the Eagle's Hill, that John of Beverley retired from his apostolic labours of evangelising the Anglian pagans, previous to his appointment to the see of Hexham by King Alfred. Here also was the oratory of St. Michael, held sacred in former days for its power over inveterate diseases, and likewise protected by the virtue of the saint from being plundered by lawless marauders, who, if they dared to meddle with it in their incursions, were punished with madness, so that they roved wildly about, mangling their limbs till they died.

A recluse appears to have lived in a hermitage on Tyne Bridge, Newcastle, in the early part of the fifteenth century. When the ruins of the bridge were being taken down, after the great flood, the bones of a human skeleton were found by the workmen; and it is thought to be not unlikely that they were those of this anchorite, who had been buried in his cell. A few years before that discovery was made, it is perhaps worth mentioning that a gardener named Edward Train, who went by the name of "The Hermit," died at Gateshead. He had lived twenty years alone in his garden, and during that time never once lay in a bed. Disappointed love was said to have been the cause of his thus secluding himself from human society.

We have had no hermits, however, properly speaking, in this part of the world since the Reformation. But there have been many recluses who, for various reasons, have shut themselves up in solitary places, if not actually in cells. Others there have been, like Peter Allan at Marsden Rock, who have dug out for themselves domiciles in the living rock, worthy to be compared with those still to be found in Upper Egypt and the Holy Land, wherein the early Christian hermits found a secure refuge. Far from imitating the self-denying anchorites of a devouter age than ours, however, these modern hermits have usually been men of a very different stamp, more like Robin Hood's jolly chaplain and steward Friar Tuck than such worthies as Godric of Finchale, who passed whole winter nights up to the neck in the river Wear, doing penance for his own and other people's sins.

Of two of these eccentrics there are recorded some few particulars.

About the middle of the last century, William Pettigrew, a Scotchman, who was employed by the owners of Walbottle Colliery, erected a hut in Walbottle Dene against the side of a hill covered with brushwood, a short distance south of the turnpike road leading from Newcastle to Carlisle. Here he resided for some time with his family, and from his dwelling place came to be known by the name of Willie of the Wood. The habitation was constructed of sods, and thatched with broom. Four staves driven into the ground, and a couple of planks, served as a table, while a few old coal buckets, or corves, covered with straw, formed his bed. This becoming noised abroad, curiosity prompted many to pay the family a visit, when Mrs. Pettigrew was wont to accost them in some such words as—"You're welcome to see the house i' the glen, guid folk." The groups of visitors at length, however, became so numerous—especially on Sundays and holidays—that they were troublesome; but the "canny Scot" projected a scheme to turn the public curiosity to account. He procured bread and cheese and other means of refreshment, for which a ready sale was got; and he was thus enabled to maintain his family in a more comfortable way. From this humble situation two of Pettigrew's sons rose to a good position in society; one of them joined the army,

where, in the course of time, he became a lieutenant, and the other acquired some celebrity as a preacher in the Methodist Connexion.

In the early part of this century, a Scotchman named Macfarlane, who had taken up his residence about Elsdon, and made a living by making besoms, supplied all the gentry in the country round with brooms for their stables, &c. One day he asked Mr. Bryan Burrell, of Broom Park, for permission to take in a bit of land on Rimside Moor, on the banks of the Lemmington Burn, for the purpose of erecting a shed upon it, in which he could make his brooms. This request was readily granted, whereupon he staked out a convenient piece, and built a turf hut covered with heather, in which, when he had a mind, he slept at nights. He cut a quantity of heather, when in bloom and free from damp, and setting it close up on end, roots downwards, made a capital bed by its means. Then he contrived to make a little garden, and stocked it with rose and berry bushes, flowers and vegetables, so as to make the place look very pretty. When any of the gentry came about, as they soon began to do, he joked with them and told them good stories, of which he had a rich fund, and so he was not molested in his settlement. After a while, he begged further leave to rail off a piece of ground to form a lumber yard. This, also, he got permission to do. Being very industrious, very civil and obliging, he became a general favourite. He was always ready to give directions to strangers crossing the wilderness. By-and-bye, he came to be considered as a sort of country-keeper. He lived himself, as a person who knew him well told the present writer, "like a fighting cock," growing his own potatoes, greens, and other vegetables, and likewise keeping a pig to furnish him with fresh pork, bacon, and ham. After twenty-one years' squatting in this manner, a contested election for the county of Northumberland occurred, and Macfarlane went down to Alnwick to record his vote. The hermit's vote being given to the candidate for whom the Lord of the Manor voted, and every vote then being of absolute value, no objection was taken to the claim; and so, from that day till his death, the besom-maker of Rimside Moor was virtually a freeholder of Northumberland.

Arthur Rousbey, Vocalist.



R. ARTHUR ROUSBEY, whose English Opera Company recently appeared in the Town Hall, Newcastle, is a native of South Shields. At an early age he evinced a desire for the stage, and on many occasions assisted at amateur dramatic performances. When he was about 17 he left home and joined a travelling theatrical company, in which he undertook small parts. After gaining experience that was of considerable service to him in after life, he returned home and devoted himself to the cultivation

of his voice, which had developed into a baritone of fine quality and extensive compass.

Under the instruction of the late Mr. Eugene Tieset, of Newcastle, he made rapid progress. His teacher trained him upon the method he himself had acquired from Lamperti, the great master of his art at Milan. Proceeding to Italy, he placed himself under Signor San Giovanni, with whom he remained a couple of years. He then returned to London, and completed his musical education under Mr. Thomas Wallworth.



MR. ARTHUR ROUSBY.

An engagement was then accepted with the old impressario, Mr. Charles Durand. Subsequently Mr. D'Oyly Carte made Mr. Rousbey a tempting offer to join a company he was organizing to produce Gilbert and Sullivan's famous series of operas in the country. Mr. Rousbey was the original Sir Marmaduke, a part that was eminently suited to his style. As Dick Deadeye in "Pinafore" he further increased his reputation, but his best effort in comic opera was in "Patience." His assumption of the

character of Grosvenor was a triumph of refined singing and acting. After touring in America, he entered into a contract to sing in grand opera at Covent Garden, and made his first appearance in that historic house as the Blacksmith in Nessler's "Piper of Hamelin," his success being so pronounced that the late Mr. Gye at once secured his services for four years.

Mr. Rousbey had for some time been contemplating the formation of an English opera company under his own control, and in May, 1887, he decided upon the venture. It was with this company that he visited his native Tyneside.

Culzean Castle, Ailsa Crag, and the Carrick Coast.

IN all the rugged and romantic scenery of the "land of the mountain and the flood," it would be difficult to find a more striking and picturesque sight than that presented on the coast of Carrick, where Culzean Castle crowns a basaltic cliff, about two miles from the village of Kirkoswald. On the one side its turrets overlook the sea; on the other is a wealth of sylvan beauty. The situation, indeed, is the work of Nature in her grandest and sweetest moods. Burns knew the spot, for in "Hallowe'en" he says:—

Upon that night, when fairies light
On Cassilis Downans dance,
Or owe the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Culzean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams!
There up the Cove to stray and rove,
Among the rocks and streams,
To sport that night.

The magnificent mansion shown in our sketch is the



seat of the Marquis of Ailsa, and Ailsa Crag is seen in the distance. The lands of Culzean originally belonged to the Kennedys, afterwards ennobled under the titles of Kennedy and Cassilis. In an old manuscript the mansion is spoken of as "The House of the Cove, builded with greate coost and expense by Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullzeane, Tutor of Cassilis," while another manuscript speaks of the "verey braiff yairdis" (meaning very fine gardens) connected therewith. Between Sir Thomas Kennedy and the Laird of Bargeny a misunderstanding arose, and on May 12th, 1602, the knight of Culzean was assassinated. Sir Walter Scott took as the subject of a drama the extraordinary machinations of the elder and younger Mures of Auchindrane for the accomplishment of this base deed. Sir Archibald Kennedy, the grandson of Sir Thomas, acquired notoriety, it is said, as a persecutor during the Stuart reign; but after the Revolution he had sometimes to hide in the coves beneath his mansion. It was his daughter Susanna, a woman of great beauty and noble presence, who had a romantic love story. While she was walking in her father's garden one day, a hawk, bearing the name and arms of the Earl of Eglintoune, alighted on her shoulder; and it was Alexander, the ninth earl, who wooed and won her. To this highly gifted woman Allan Ramsay dedicated the "Gentle Shepherd."

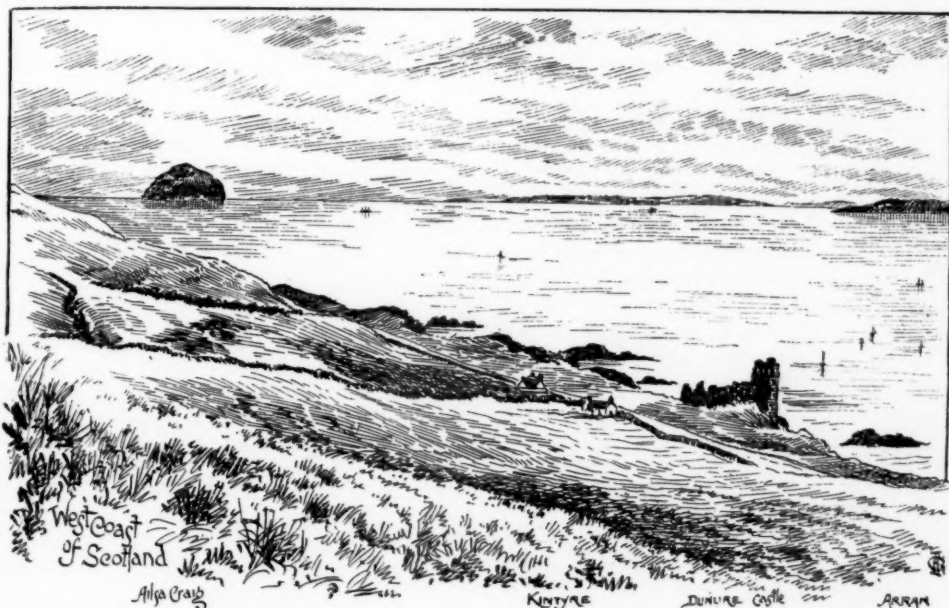
) The Cassilis family having become extinct in its main line in 1759, the title and family estates passed to Sir Thomas Kennedy, of Culzean, who became ninth Earl of Cassilis. Earl John, it is said, had privately executed a deed of entail while his countess was

attending a ball, and thus secured for his successors the union of the title and estates. It was David, the tenth earl, who thought it necessary to rebuild the house at the Cove in keeping with the family dignity, and the work was accordingly entrusted to Robert Adam. The result was a baronial mansion combining grace with strength. It covers an area of four acres, and, besides many other attractions, has an extensive and valuable collection of arms and armour.

The "Fairy Coves," situated immediately beneath the castle, are merely rifts in the basalt in the course of its volcanic formation. They are six in number, the largest being fifty feet high, and about two hundred feet broad, and having the appearance of an irregular Gothic arch. Three of the coves to the east, and three to the west, communicate with each other; while in the largest of the western series there is a door barring the way to an apartment above.

The Dule Tree, which stands in front of Cassilis Castle, situated on the banks of the Doon about a mile from Dalrymple, has two traditions associated with it. One refers to David, third Lord Kennedy, who fell at Flodden with many of his followers, his kinsfolk afterwards assembling under the boughs of the plane tree to spend several weeks in lamentation. The other tells the tale of Lady Cassilis and the gipsies, as recorded on page 206 of this volume.

Another view on the Carrick Shore which enjoys special natural advantages is that of Dunure Castle. This mansion was the first house of any consequence possessed by the family of Kennedy, whose early generations, down to



the attainment of the peerage about 1452, were all styled "of Dunure." It is now a ruin, the chief feature, as shown in our illustration, being a tall tower on a pinnacle rising from the rugged coast. In 1570, the castle was the scene of a very curious and dark transaction. Gilbert, fourth Earl of Cassilis, "was ane particular manne, and ane verey greidy manne, and carrit nocht how he gatt land, as that he culd cum be the samin." Having a mind to obtain feus of the abbey lands of Glenluce, this man of an easy conscience got a monk to counterfeit the handwriting of the recently deceased abbot for that purpose. To conceal the forgery, he caused one of his retainers to kill the monk, and then he got his brother to accuse the murderer of theft, and have him put to death. Desiring, further, to obtain possession of the rich lands of Crossnaguel from the abbot, Allan Stewart, Cassilis inveigled him into captivity, and then conveyed him to his lonely sea-tower of Dunure. For three days he endeavoured to prevail upon the abbot to surrender his lands, and at last, finding persuasion useless, he took him to the *Black Voute* (vault), where his minions bound the wretched man before a blazing fire. Eventually, to escape the horrible torture, the abbot signed the charter, the earl making his servants swear upon the Bible that they would never reveal what had been done. It was the Laird of Bargeny, himself a member of the Kennedy family, who attacked Dunure, and relieved the abbot. But the Government was too weak to insist on redress, and so the earl remained in possession of the ill-gotten domains, and handed them down to posterity, granting only a small pension to Stewart for his life. Such were the doings in Scotland in "the good old times."

Opposite Dunure is the Isle of Arran, where Mr. Rose, an English tourist, was brutally murdered, in 1889, by a penurious companion named Laurie.

The First Tyne Steamboat.

BUILT on the banks of the Tyne, the first steamboat that carried on passenger traffic in English waters was launched from the South Shore, Gateshead, on Monday, the 21st of February, 1814, a fortnight after the breaking up of the Great Frost; and on Thursday, 19th of May, the Tyne

Packet, as Sykes is faithful to record, began to run as a passenger boat between Newcastle and Shields:—"Being Ascension Day, it joined the procession of barges &c., and was a great novelty." It was "the principal novelty of the day," says the *Newcastle Chronicle* on the ensuing Saturday, "greatly outstripping" the Corporate procession "by the rapidity of its motion." "The velocity with which it moves through the water, when favoured by the tide, is very great, having run from Shields to this town, we understand, in less than an hour. Against the tide, its motion, of course, is not so rapid; but even thus impeded, it appears to move at the rate of three or four miles an hour. It may, indeed, be said fully to answer expectations in regard to its velocity. It arrived from Newburn about seven o'clock, when it was made to perform a number of evolutions below the bridge, the result of which was that it appeared to be remarkably manageable."

Three weeks afterwards, the *Chronicle* had a second paragraph:—"The Tyne Steam Packet has now commenced its regular voyages between Newcastle and Shields. Previous to this, a fête was held in it on Friday last, in honour of his Majesty's birthday, when a number of gentlemen proceeded in it to Shields, where the party was regaled by an excellent dinner on board." Returning to Newcastle Quay about half-past three o'clock, "a number of ladies joined the party," and the vessel then proceeded to Lemington, the excursion closing at eight. "In this latter voyage, tea and other refreshments were served up; and numerous dances, into which the company entered with great spirit, contributed to the novel festivity of the day."

There were trips in the Race Week from day to day, ending June 25. "Best cabin, 1s.; second cabin, 6d." Steamboat speculation subsequently set in; rivals rose up alongside the primitive paddles; and the pioneer packet, making itself known from among the rest, appears in November, 1815, with the distinctive name of the *Perseverance*; having (as we are told) on the 9th of that month left Shields in the afternoon, "and arrived at Newcastle in two hours, against a very strong gale of wind, and fresh in the river."

The Tyne was the first of the rivers of England to begin passenger traffic by steam. Other waters in Britain, however, had led the way. The *Comet* was plying on the Clyde in 1812. The Symington boat, with Robert Burns on board, had, indeed, made a trial trip on Dalswinton Loch in October, 1788; and on the 24th of the same month, Dr. Franklin wrote from Philadelphia to his friend Dr. Ingenhausz in Holland, saying that he had no philosophical news, except that a boat moved by a steam-



engine rowed itself against wind and tide on the Delaware, "and it was apprehended the construction might be so simplified as to become generally useful."

The Clermont of Robert Fulton was plying for passengers on the Hudson in 1807. On the 15th of May, 1810, the British Minister in the United States, Francis Jackson, writing home to his brother George (afterwards Sir George Jackson) in London, gives a picture of this early craft, the first of the world's passenger steamboats. Mr. Hogan had lent the writer his country-house on the Hudson, about eight miles from New York, commanding from its elevated site a river view of upwards of forty miles in extent, with bold rocky shores, and the scene enlivened by a picturesque fleet sailing to and fro in all directions:—"One of the curiosities that we daily see pass under our windows is the steamboat, a passage vessel with accommodation for near a hundred persons. It is moved by a steam-engine turning a wheel on either side of it, which acts like the main wheel of a mill, and propels the vessel against wind and tide at the rate of four miles an hour. As soon as it comes in sight, there is a general rush of our household to watch and wonder till it disappears. They don't at all know what to make of the unnatural monster that goes steadily careering on, with the wind directly in its teeth as often as not. I doubt that I should be obeyed were I to desire any one of them to take a passage in her. When first the vessel appeared in these waters, it excited great consternation. Some of the simple countryfolk were pretty well frightened out of their wits, suspecting, I am told, that it was some diabolical conveyance that had brought his Satanic Majesty from the lower realms to visit the United States. I am inclined to look with favour on this application of the propelling power of steam. Not improbably it is destined, at no distant day, to produce incalculably great and beneficial changes in our mode of voyaging."

Doubts akin to those inspired on the Hudson were afterwards awakened on the Tees. On the opening day of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, when the locomotive engine shot past the assembled thousands, with waggon loads of coals and passengers at its heels, one of the spectators, relating the events at the close of the day, anxiously inquired "if it could be all right." Rushing along without apparent means of motion, no wonder that the iron horse should be credited in some quarters with cloven feet. It certainly looked uncanny, and provoked comparisons. The cry of old Mrs. Paul, on Christmas Eve, 1801, when she first saw Trevethick's engine on the road, will be remembered:—"Good gracious, Mr. Vivian, what will be done next? I can't compare un to anything but a walking, puffing devil!" ("Life of Richard Trevethick," 1871.)

The early passenger-steamers, American, Scotch, and English, were all river boats. There was for some time a common notion that vessels moved by steam would be serviceable means of transit on inland waters, but would

be confined to that sphere. Watt saw difficulties in the way of ocean navigation, yet thought they might be overcome. In his letter of April 24, 1790, to Mr. Robert Cullen, of Edinburgh (afterwards Lord Cullen), quoted by Mr. R. L. Galloway in his volume on "The Steam Engine and its Inventors," he declines, for the firm of Boulton and Watt, any partnership in Mr. Miller's scheme of steam navigation; "the time of life we have both arrived at, and the multiplicity of business we are already engaged in, must plead our excuse from entering into any new concern whatsoever as partners"; but as engineers and engine-builders they were ready to serve him, and to assist in any way they could "to bring the scheme to perfection." "We conceive," he adds, "there may be considerable difficulty in making a steam engine to work regularly in the open sea, on account of the undulating motion of the vessel affecting the engine by the *vis inertia* of matter. However, this we should endeavour to obviate as far as we can."

All difficulties vanished so soon as steamboats were once fairly afloat. The Tyne Steam Packet had not been many months oscillating as a pendulum between Newcastle and Shields—Shields and Newcastle—never dreaming, apparently, of so enterprising a feat as an excursion to Tynemouth, ere she was confronted, on the 10th of September, 1814, by a visitor from Dundee! On the 22nd of April, as may be read in the *Dundee Advertiser* (August 22nd, 1872) the Tay steamer had begun to ply between Dundee and Perth; and some months later another steamboat, putting out for sea, left the Tay for river traffic in England. Calling at two or three ports on her way, the Tyne was one of the harbours into which she came. This fact is on record in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, September 17, 1814:—"On Saturday last, a fine new steamboat called the *Caledonia* arrived in this river from Dundee. She left Dundee on Friday morning, and arrived at her moorings in Shields harbour in about twenty-seven hours. Her appearance at sea created a good deal of surprise, being generally taken for a ship under a jury mast; and we have heard that some boats were absolutely launched to go to her assistance, when, to their astonishment, she passed the bar in grand style, notwithstanding the very heavy swell and surf, in which many ships would not have ventured. On her entering the harbour she was loudly cheered. She has since worked between Shields and this town, making her passage with the tide in about one hour and a quarter, and against it in about two hours. Her extraordinary expedition has excited the greatest admiration. She is not intended to be kept on this river, but has cleared at the custom-house for the Humber."

To the Humber she went from the Tyne, looking in at the Wear on her way; and in due time she was "established as a packet between Hull and Gainsborough." On one occasion, in the month of May, 1815, being ambitious of a visit to York, she succeeded in coming within five miles of

the Minster. Her purpose fell short, however, at Naburn; for "the lock was not sufficiently wide to admit of her passing through it." 'Tis not surprising that steamboats, conscious of their powers, should have made early conquest of the world, when in their very infancy they had such far-reaching aspirations!

The *Caledonia* was the first steam-vessel to adventure into the English seas. She was followed, in the month of November, 1814, by a *Dumbarton* boat, steaming through the Forth and Clyde Canal to the east coast, bound for London. The *Newcastle Chronicle* had sight of her, and on the 3rd of December made report of her successful voyage—the first voyage by steam from the Clyde and the Forth to the Thames:—"The Margery steam-engine packet from the Clyde arrived safe at London on the 24th ult., after a very quick passage," subsequently crossing the English Channel, and ending her days on the Seine.

Channel traffic had early been conceived in Britain after steam had taken to the open waves. The *Chronicle* was on the 7th of January, 1815, calling attention to a steamer designed on Tyneside for intercourse with France:—"A patent steam-packet of 200 tons is now building on the Thames by Mr. Courthorpe. The vessel and machinery are the invention of Mr. John Redhead, of Heworth. She is intended to go between London and Calais, and is constructed to carry from four to five hundred passengers, and to be impelled through the water at the rate of twelve miles an hour against wind and tide!"

Nicholas Wood, the first President of the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, left us some reminiscences of early passenger traffic on our river. Dining on board the *Cairo* mail steamer at Jarrow in 1862, and responding to the toast of "The Port and Trade of the Tyne," he remarked that its trade was a very different affair now to what it was when toasted in his younger days:—"Men and merchandise were conveyed up and down, in those days, in what were called 'comfortables,' each pulled by two men, who only ventured on the passage when the wind was not too strong. The coal trade of the same period was done by ships making a dozen voyages in a year. But steam came in; and he remembered going down the river in the first steamboat with George Stephenson. They didn't get far. Something happened to her, and they got down no lower than Bill Point."

In the same year with our "first steamboat," Stephenson's first locomotive, it is interesting to note, was "launched." "The engine was, after much labour and anxiety, and frequent alteration of parts, at length brought to completion, having been about ten months in hand. It was placed upon the Killingworth Railway on the 25th July, 1814; and its powers were tried on the same day." (Smiles's "Life of George and Robert Stephenson," 1868.)

Mr. Alderman Wilson, author of "The Pitman's Pay," glances backward, like Mr. Wood, over passenger transit

on the Tyne, and commemorates the changes he had lived to see. He recalls the classic "wherry" of "Jemmy Johnson," superseded by the "comfortable," and "the comfortable made rare" by the steamboat. When Admiral Washington was holding an inquiry at North Shields, familiar as he was with sailing craft of all kinds, he was nonplussed by a remark of one of the seafaring witnesses, who said that he began life afloat as "a boy blowing the horn of a comfortable." The passengers of this river coach—a vehicle resembling the Noah's Ark of the nursery—had choice of places inside and out. They might occlude themselves in the snug chamber, or, with legs dangling down, sit on the roof and dream away the hours between the bridge and the bar. Antediluvian were her ways; and yet, though slow her movements, pleasant are the memories of a row on the river in the old comfortable, with the music of her horn rendered by distance of time more sweet. The pioneer packets were swifter when in motion, but had their drawbacks. The ancient shoals and shallows oft brought them to anchor in batches. Clever was the steamer—and the captain—that could always escape detention. Even the boat whose pilot of other days used fondly to rejoice in the pleasure she gave him in "cutting about like fun among the sandbanks at low water"—even she was lost at times in her labyrinthine meanderings, and brought to unwilling repose.

That ingenious Tynesider, the late Mr. Joseph Price, of Gateshead (who was early in the field), reminded the merchants, manufacturers, shipowners, &c., of the district, in the year 1838, of the events of former days. In a printed address, bearing the picture of a vessel in tow for Tynemouth and the sea, he said:—"In the year 1815, I became a shareholder in a steamboat speculation on the Tyne, which was continued by the company for about two years. This did not answer; and the boats, becoming out of repair, were laid up. I made the company an offer for the purchase of them, which was accepted. I bought up most of the shares, and, after repairing the boats, ran them between Newcastle and Shields for some time. Still it was a losing concern. In July 1818, I conceived good might be done by towing vessels to sea. In furtherance of my idea, I applied to the late Mr. Robson, wharfinger, Newcastle, for leave to try an experiment with one of his laden vessels, which was granted. I gave notice to Captain Copeland, of the *Friends' Adventure*, Hull trader, to have all ready an hour to an hour and a half before high water. At the time appointed, I requested them to throw a line on board the steamer. The tide was against us the first three miles. Everything answered as well as I could wish, and the vessel was towed two miles over the bar in two hours and ten minutes, a distance of thirteen miles, the wind against us all the way. This was the first time a vessel was ever towed by a steamboat." Mr. Wilson, in his "Captains and the Quayside," commemorates the alliance between

the sail and the paddle by Mr. Price, who, when "steam can' puffin' into play," said to his neighbours, "Let's try the chep at towin'." Those neighbours were so sensible of the value and success of the experiment, that they entertained him at dinner, and gave him a silver tankard, inscribed:—"Presented to Mr. Joseph Price by the shippers and manufacturers of lead, and the wharfingers of the goods trade, between Newcastle and London, as a mark of their approbation for his zeal and spirited exertions in the application of steamboats to the towing of vessels upon the river Tyne.—1818."

Steam navigation had its difficulties and discouragements, yet its progress was far from slow. Within half-a-score years of the entrance of the Comet on her career, a royal flotilla was seen off the coast of Britain moving northward by steam. In the month of May, 1822, George Stephenson had begun the construction of the Stockton and Darlington Rai way, the first of the world's passenger railroads; and in August of that year, George IV. embarked on board his yacht for Scotland. The example set some few years before was followed in the royal fleet; and all along the eastern coast his Majesty's subjects were on the watch, ashore and afloat, to see the procession, with the King's vessel towed by steam. It was a novel spectacle; and short-lived was the enjoyment of the spectators, so swiftly went the keel. The speed was attended, ever and anon, by unlooked for developments; as, for example, when an address of congratulation awaited the coming of his Majesty, the first sovereign of the House of Hanover to visit his Northern dominions. It is on record in the *Newcastle Magazine* of September, 1822, that "the Mayor and Corporation of Scarborough put off in a boat; but, as the Royal George was going with great velocity, the address was handed up attached to a long stick!" The Comet and the James Watt were urging the yacht on her way with a rapidity that set aside the usual forms of presentation and reply; and meanwhile the navvies on land were busy with an iron road, the precursor of a highway of steam along which the Queen of England was year by year to travel from Windsor to her Highland home.

Three steamers of the Tyne, with passengers on board, swelled the royal fleet of 1822, and ventured on the voyage to Leith; and in 1824, the Newcastle (Captain Joseph Fidler) brought the two ports into periodical communication. Then, in 1827, the *Rapid*, described by Mackenzie as "one of the largest steamers" of the port, was running between the Tyne and the Forth once a week. After which come Leith steamers whose names are more familiar than these in the ear of the present generation.

An earlier *Rapid* than the steamboat just mentioned strove in 1823 to make a voyage from the Tyne to the Thames, starting on the 11th of August, "the first time a vessel of this description ever sailed from Newcastle for the metropolis." The courageous experiment was not

successful. The passengers went on shore at Whitby, and the little craft returned home for repairs; but in the month of May, 1824, the plucky pioneer repeated her attempt, and made the voyage to London in 56 hours, returning in 60. Her next run was accomplished in 53½. On her return, however, to the Tyne, "she was obliged to lie-to for a considerable time by the intensity of the fogs on the coast, which rendered it dangerous to proceed"; and, sailing on a Saturday, she was not in Newcastle until Wednesday. So small was this primitive London and Newcastle steamboat that she could not carry coals for the trip both ways, but had to purchase fuel in the Thames; and her few passengers would not remunerate the adventurous owners. To the *Rapid*, however, small as she was, belongs the honour of having led the way in navigation by steam between Newcastle and London; and in the year 1825, as the *Tyne Mercury* placed on record at the time, she was sold for service on the coast of Africa. Her successor was the *Hylton Jolliffe*, beginning her course as a packet between the Thames and the Tyne in the month of June, 1827; and in April, 1828, the *Ardincaple* made her earliest passage from the Tyne for Leith, having previously announced her intention to give the public, on the 13th of the month, a pleasure trip to the Wear.

Such are some of the incidents of the infancy of that navigation by steam which had its beginning in England on the Tyne.

JAMES CLEPHAN (THE LATE).

St. Crispin's Day Celebrations.



FEW saints in the calendar have been more highly honoured on their anniversaries than St. Crispin. It is said that he was a cadet of a noble Roman family, who, becoming a convert to Christianity, fled with his brother Crispinian into Gaul, about the middle of the third century, to avoid the persecution under Diocletian. He settled, we are told, in the city of Augusta Noviodunum, now Soissons, where he worked as a shoemaker, and where his benevolence was so great that he even stole leather to make shoes for the poor. The bulk of his charities having been made at the expense of others, philanthropists who adopt a similar line of conduct have since been known as Crispinites and their liberalities as Crispinades. In the year 287 the brothers suffered a most cruel martyrdom at the hands of Rectionarius, governor of the city. Their bodies, according to Lusus, in his "Acts of the Martyrs," were thrown out after execution, to be devoured by dogs and beasts of prey. But a certain indigent old man, who resided with his aged sister, was warned by an angel to take the bodies of these holy martyrs and deposit them with all proper care in a sepulchre. Our veracious authority adds:—

The old man without hesitation arose, and, accom-

panied by his venerable sister, went to the place where the bodies of the martyrs lay. As this was near the river Axena, now the Aisne, they could easily, with the assistance of a small boat, have brought them to their own dwelling; this, however, on account of their poverty and infirmity, they were unable to procure, nor, indeed, had they any experience in the management of a vessel, which, moreover, must have been rowed against the current. When, however, after diligently searching in the dark, they at last found the precious corpses wholly uninjured—lo! they discovered a small boat close to the shore, and thereupon, assuming courage immediately, they each took up a body, so staggering under the weight from weakness that they appeared not so much to carry their burthens as to be carried by them. Placing the bodies in the boat, they floated with great celerity against the current of the river, and, without the assistance of either rudder or oars, presently arrived at his cottage; near to which, with equal secrecy and joy, they interred the bodies of the deceased martyrs.

Thus far Lusius. But Weever, in his "Ancient Funeral Monuments of Great Britain," published in 1631, tells a different tale:—

There is yet to be seene, on the beach at Lidde, near Stonend, a heap of great stones, which the neighbour inhabitants call St. Crispin's and St. Crispinian's tomb, whom they report to have been cast upon this stone by shipwracke, and from hence called into the glorious company of saints.

Weever quotes this legend from Jacobus de Voraigne, and adds that "they were shoemakers, and suffered martyrdom the tenth of the Kalends of November (25th October), which day is kept holiday to this day by all our shoemakers in London and elsewhere." In other old legends, Crispin is represented as having been a prince who took to shoemaking as a pastime or a profession.

An amusing but scarce book about shoemakers—or, as they are more politely called, cordwainers, from their working in leather manufactured at Cordova, in Spain, the best in Christendom—is entitled "Crispin Anecdotes," and has for a frontispiece a view of Cordwainers' Hall, in Distaff Lane, London. It is an omnigatherum of "interesting notices of shoemakers who have been distinguished for genius, enterprise, or eccentricity, also, curious particulars relative to the origin, importance, and manufacture of shoes, with other matters illustrative of the history of the gentle craft." From this book, as well as from other sources, we learn that there have long been, and perhaps still are, both in this country and on the Continent, a number of friendly societies among the shoemakers, taking their name from Crispin, Saint and King.

The cordwainers of Newcastle were formed into an incorporated company by King Henry VI., in the year 1438; and for upwards of two centuries afterwards the members used to walk in procession every year on their head meeting day, from the Forth Hill to their hall in the monastery of Black Friars. Even when these annual processions were discontinued, the anniversary of St. Crispin was still celebrated, though only at intervals, in the public streets. What appears to have been the last affair of the kind occurred in Newcastle on the 29th of July, 1822, when the cordwainers held a coronation

of their royal or sainted patron, and afterwards walked in procession through the principal streets of Newcastle and Gateshead. The coronation, Sykes tells us, took place in the court of the Freeman's Hospital, at the Westgate, at eleven o'clock; about noon there was a procession, which, after perambulating the two towns, finally halted at the sign of the Chancellor's Head, in Newgate Street, Newcastle, where the members of the trade partook of a dinner provided for the occasion. A great number of people assembled to witness the procession, as there had not been a similar exhibition since the year 1789. Mackenzie, in his history of the town, speaks contemptuously of the affair. "This caricature show," says he, "produced much laughter and mirth, but, considering the rapid increase of knowledge, it is probably the last exhibition of this kind that the craft will exhibit in this place."

Joseph Blackett, in one of his letters to Mr. Pratt, gives an account of the celebration of St. Crispin's Day at Sunderland, on the 25th of October, 1809. It was the day of national jubilee in England, on account of George III. entering the fiftieth year of his reign. Mr. Blackett, who visited the town in company with Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart., describes the way in which such affairs were managed:—

Immediately after dinner on St. Crispin's Day the procession is got up, in which they generally personify all the male members of the then reigning Royal Family, together with the Lord Mayor of London, Aldermen, &c., arranged as follows:—

Champion, duly equipped.
King, in his royal robes, with crown and sceptre, having his train borne by four little boys.
Royal Dukes.
Lord Mayor of London.
Aldermen, &c.

The private members take up the rear, and are generally dressed in black coats. In this order they generally proceed to walking round the room a few times, and occasionally they have a public procession. But as no part of the expenses of such procession are allowed to be paid out of the funds of the institution, this public exhibition occurs but seldom. The arrangements, however, are nearly the same, whether public or private, with this difference—that when public, the champion is mounted on a charger, and the whole train preceded by bands of music, &c. When private, they necessarily dispense with the noble animal, and for "bands of music" substitute the stringed instruments. On Friday last the festival was kept in this way, "secure from public gaze." Invariably in the evening females are admitted, when his Majesty, ere he resigns his regal honours, selects himself a Queen; their Majesties then lead off the dance; thus they together sport on the "light fantastic toe," and so conclude the day.

Mr. John Mason, the author of a book of Border records, relates how St. Crispin's Day was celebrated in Kelso in 1821. From an early hour in the morning, he says, crowds from the adjoining country began to congregate; and it was computed that not less than three thousand persons were at various points assembled to witness the spectacle. The splendour of the pageantry was unequalled in a provincial town, and from the humblest retainers of the Court to the field marshals, the archbishop, and the monarch himself—Adam Lamb, who was,

throughout the day, "every inch a king"—everything tended to impress the spectator as much as if royalty, with its appendages, had been in reality present. Next year an attempt was made to repeat the ceremony in the same town, but this time with indifferent success.

A Rabel Gathering.



NE of the most interesting and pleasant events of the Whit-Monday holiday in Newcastle (May 18, 1891) was the gathering, for the first time in a body, of the contributors to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Although only then carried into practical effect, the idea of such a meeting of the representatives of common interests had been entertained for a considerable time. Indeed, so long ago as the month of July, 1890, a letter, embodying a suggestion of this nature, was received by the Editor from Mr. Alfred Spencer, better known, perhaps, by his *nom de plume* of Sergeant C. Hall, of Workington. The proposal, Mr. Spencer submitted, was one which had many things to recommend it. "It would," he said, "be something unique in journalism; it would bring your army of contributors into closer fellowship; and it would cause them to take greater interest in each other's productions." At that time no action was taken in the matter; but when, in the December following, a similar proposal was forwarded to the *Weekly Chronicle* by Mr. G. G. Elliott, of Newcastle, it was impossible longer to resist the feeling which was evidently gaining force. Publicity was accordingly given to the proposition, in order that the contributors, whose affair it really was, might have an opportunity of discussing it among themselves. The result was so pronounced an opinion in favour of the project, that it was resolved to ask the ladies and gentlemen who would or could attend such a gathering to make known their intentions to Mr. Elliott, who undertook the duties of honorary secretary, and who, especially in its earlier stages, rendered valuable assistance to the movement. Three dates were named as being likely to be most suitable for the meeting—Easter, Whitsuntide, and Race Week. On this point, a sort of vote was taken through the medium of the paper; and Whit-Monday was ultimately selected as the most convenient date for the majority of the contributors. A subordinate part of the general scheme was a photographic group of such of the contributors as cared to be represented in it, this portion of the work being entrusted to Messrs. A. and G. Taylor, St. Nicholas' Buildings, who produced a very large and handsome picture, containing altogether no fewer than 236 portraits, with a key to the identity of each. No time was lost in maturing the necessary arrangements for the gathering; and, when the appointed day arrived, everything was in perfect readiness and order.

Between four and five hundred ladies and gentlemen in different parts of the kingdom responded to the invitation of the Editor, which was issued in the form of a highly artistic card, executed by Messrs. Andrew Reid and Sons. (See next page.) Accompanying each card was a perforated sheet of coupons, admitting the guests to the various places of interest to which visits were to be made. The proceedings began by the reception of the contributors at the Art Gallery, where introductions were effected by the Editor and his assistants. Thence the company proceeded, in succession, to the Old Castle, the Black Gate, and the Cathedral, the parties in each case being under the care of the Rev. J. R. Boyle, F.S.A., the well-known antiquary and author. Naturally, those associated so closely with the contents of a newspaper had a desire to see the method of its production. The fullest facilities for the gratification of this wish had been provided at the *Chronicle* Office, where the contributors and their friends were received by the manager, Mr. R. B. Reed, and by Mr. Jos. Reed, and conducted over the various departments of the establishment. An opportunity was next afforded for an inspection of the contents of the Natural History Museum at Barras Bridge, where much kindness and attention were shown them by Mr. Alderman Barkas, Mr. John Duncan (artist and naturalist), the Curator of the Museum (Mr. Richard Howse), Mr. R. Y. Green, Mr. Jos. Wright, and other officers of the institution. A short visit was also paid by many members of the party to Jesmond Dene, the natural charms and beauties of which, it need scarcely be said, were greatly admired.

The chief and most generally acceptable feature of the programme, however, was unquestionably the conversation which was held in the evening in the large and spacious upper apartment of the Grand Assembly Rooms at the Barras Bridge. Here the contributors mustered in full force, the guests as they arrived being cordially welcomed by the Editor, Mr. W. E. Adams, or his associates. All parts of the two Northern Counties were represented in the rooms, while visitors were present from the following among other distant places:—Bradford, Halifax, Blackburn, Southport, Preston, Rochdale, Penrith, Workington, Carlisle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Farnborough in Hampshire, Watford in Hertfordshire, Stamford in Lincolnshire, Exeter in Devonshire, and Cardiff in South Wales. The rooms had been tastefully decorated for the occasion, a string band was in attendance, refreshments were various and abundant, and a spirit of harmony and good fellowship pervaded the entire assembly. At an early period of the evening a series of addresses were delivered from the platform, this portion of the proceedings being introduced by Mr. Adams, who narrated the history of the movement which had had so successful an issue. The speakers who followed were Mr. Richard Welford, author of "Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed," and for many years a



**The EDITOR of the
WEEKLY CHRONICLE**
requests the pleasure of the Company of

at the Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle on Tyne,
on WHIT MONDAY, MAY 18TH 1891.

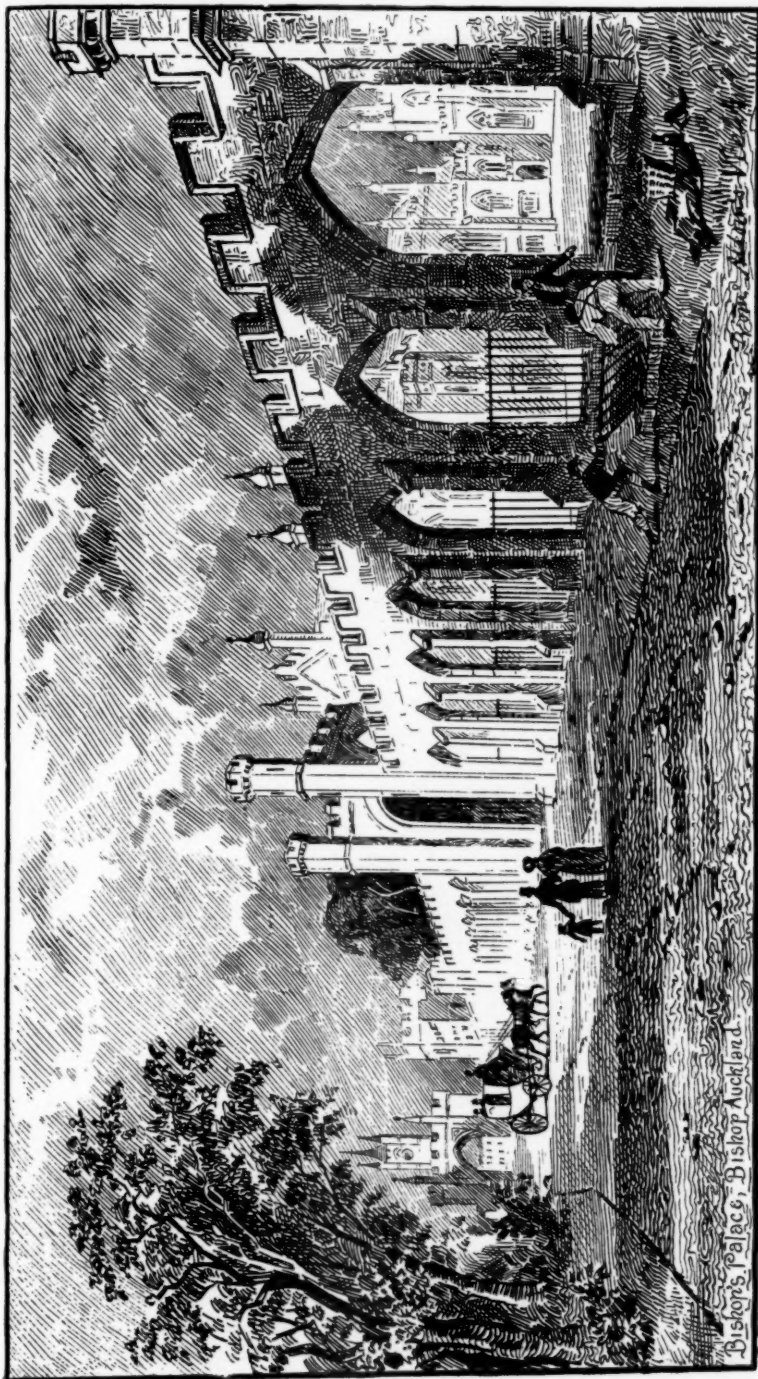
Arrangements have been made to enable contributors from a distance to visit places of interest in the City: - St Nicholas Cathedral, the Old Castle, the Black Gate Museum, the Natural History Museum, the Chronicle Office, Jesmond Dene, &c

Refreshments at the Assembly Rooms
from 6.30 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Please reply not later than May 11th to

G.G. Elliott, Hon. Secretary,
4, Sidney Grove,
Newcastle upon Tyne

Andrew Reid, Sons & Co



member of the literary staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*; Mr. Alderman John Lucas, Gateshead; Mr. C. H. Stephenson, of Southport; His Honour Judge Seymour, Q.C., LL.D.; Mr. Alderman Barkas, F.G.S.; Mr. George Halliwell, of Seaham Harbour; and Mr. A. B. Wakefield, of Hipperholm, Bradford. Complimentary reference was made by these gentlemen to one or other of the many departments into which the literary portions of the *Weekly Chronicle* are divided. Music, vocal and instrumental, recitations, &c., were afterwards given at intervals, among those who contributed to the entertainment of the company being Mrs. Goddard, Madame Tomsett, Miss Kate Shield, Mrs. Richard Smith, Miss Hildegard Werner, Sergeant C. Hall, and Mr. C. H. Stephenson.

A collection in one of the ante-rooms of a number of literary and other curiosities likewise proved a source of considerable attraction. The exhibits included the first number of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* ever printed; the first volume of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, 1764; the first volume of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, 1858; the spectacles of Dr. Brydon, "the last of an army," of Afghan fame; and Robert Burns's spectacle case and nutmeg box, the latter still containing one or two pieces of the nutmeg with which the poet flavoured his toddy. Several of these interesting relics were lent by Mr. William Sharp, of Newcastle, and Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson, of South Shields and Newcastle. In addition to several scrap-books and old newspapers, Mr. William Duncan, of Newcastle, showed a shorthand copy of the New Testament which he had written in 1871; and Miss Bielski, head-mistress of the Infants' School connected with the Elswick Works, sent a holograph letter of the late George Stephenson, the "father of railways," dated 1843, and written from Tipton House, Chesterfield, where, after his retirement from active professional pursuits, the great engineer spent the remainder of his days. There were also on view a number of interesting Indian curios, collected by Mr. David Wood; specimens of minute writing by the late Mr. R. A. Proctor and others; a copy of Marat's "Chains of Slavery"; a first edition of Akenside's poems; an early impression of the picture to be presented with the next Christmas Supplement of the *Weekly Chronicle*; the progressive proofs of "Geordie and the Bairn," Mr. Ralph Hedley's picture, presented with the last Christmas Supplement, from the "lay in" to the final stage; a clever piece of wood-carving by Mr. J. T. Ogilvie, of Newcastle, representing the well-known "Uncle Toby" group; and some rare old books, exhibited by Mrs. J. R. Harrison, of Newcastle. There had, moreover, been provided an autograph-book, in which, in the course of the evening, the majority of the visitors subscribed their names.

The unique and happy gathering, which had throughout been of the most agreeable and satisfactory character,

was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Bishop's Palace, Bishop Auckland.

THE residence of the Bishop of Durham at Bishop Auckland is a noble pile in the Gothic style of architecture. Situated in a beautiful park of considerable extent near the river Wear, its surroundings are all that could be desired by the lover of romantic scenery, the main features of the landscape being bold cliffs and eminences, noble trees and irregular woodlands. It has truly been said that "language is too weak, and but few pencils are sufficiently powerful, to delineate the rich scenery of Auckland Park." Auckland Castle or Palace, for it is known by both names, is said to have formerly been a manor house belonging to the See of Durham. The house was afterwards castellated by Bishop Trevor, who added a large hall. Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, a devoted follower of Cromwell, who held the place during the Commonwealth, destroyed the greater part of the building, and erected a pretentious residence out of the ruins. But when Bishop Cosin came into possession at the Restoration, Hazlerigg's mansion was razed to the ground, the materials being utilised for the construction of a palace, the greater part of which is still standing. Having been erected at various periods, the structure is somewhat irregular in character, and now bears some sort of resemblance to an ancient abbey. The approach to the edifice is by a Gothic gateway and screen, designed by James Wyatt. These distinctive features of the episcopal residence are clearly shown in our copy of the drawing in Allom's Views.

Billy Purvis.

II.

WHILE still at Hexham, as narrated in our first article, Billy Purvis got initiated into the mysteries of legerdemain. He often lent the room which served him as a dancing academy to travelling conjurors, who, when they had no money to pay him withal, willingly taught him tricks with cups and balls, cards, rings, watches, medals, &c., in return for his courtesy; and he soon grew so proficient that he thought it advisable to show off in his dancing room on Saturdays, after the regular business was finished.

On the occasion of the popular rejoicings for the victory of Waterloo, Billy made a great sensation by dressing up and exhibiting an effigy of Bonaparte, according to the

best procurable models in physiognomy, build, costume, &c. With this he made a tour among the neighbouring villages, and acquired great local fame thereby.

But when he returned to his master, the Newcastle cabinetmaker, and would have resumed working at the bench, he was presented with what, says he, is emphatically termed "the universal sack," on account of his recent peregrinations and military prepossessions. Wherefore he went back to Hexham, and re-opened his dancing academy; but before long he was tempted to engage as clown in the establishment of Mr. Powell, with whom he visited Stagshawbank Fair, Corbridge, Blanchland, Stanhope, Wolsingham, and other places, playing the fool admirably, as well as performing on the union pipes, of which he had acquired the mastery. Next he appeared at Newcastle, where he played in disguise, and then peregrinated across Northumberland and through Berwickshire and East Lothian to Edinburgh in Mr. Powell's train. Thence he went to Musselburgh Races and back through Berwick-upon-Tweed, by Norham, Etal, the Blue-Bell, &c., to "canny Newcassel," where he opened a dancing academy, and added conjuring and wire dancing to his entertainments. But he could not now stay very long in one place, and so he set off on another tour through the heart of Northumberland, exhibiting his conjurations and comicalities to crowded audiences. Poor Richard says "a rolling stone gathers no moss," but the proverb did not hold good in Billy's case, for as he rolled himself from one town to another, he tells us, he found that he had increased in bulk, both of frame and fortune. Gradually he added to the attractions of his "unparalleled show" comic songs, comic recitations, violin playing, musical boxes, &c.

At length, in 1819, he became the sole proprietor of a fine booth, and manager of a theatrical concern in his own proper person. A rival conjurer at the Races on Newcastle Town Moor, Mr. Ingleby, threatened to eclipse Billy's provincial glory. "Ingleby from the Coburg Theatre, London," "Emperor of All the Conjurers," dressed in scarlet coat, black breeches, silk stockings, and silver shoe buckles, crowned by a dashing cocked hat, with large gold seals suspended from a massive chain of the same precious metal, his sword by his side and quizzing-glass dangling from the mazes of his ruffled shirt, cut a far more conspicuous figure than poor Billy Purvis from Elliott's Wells in the Close. But Billy did not lose heart. Immediately taking the title of "King of the Conjurers," he assumed the airs of royalty, and, with the aid of an old red coat, a cocked hat, a splendid sword, and four large imitation gold seals, attached to a heavy brass chain, lent him by a friend, he quite took the shine out of his Imperial Majesty. His unmistakable victory led to the secession of the Emperor's hopeful son from his father's establishment and an offer to join Billy in a new campaign across country. Billy agreed, but the young scapegrace soon cheated him.

He bought two horses at Stagshawbank Fair with the money he had taken at the door, decamped during the night, and left Billy to pay all outstanding claims, which fortunately were not great.

Of the droll anecdotes told by Billy relative to his adventures on his various journeys, one of the drollest is that concerning Jenny Dickinson of "Embleton in the North," a well-known Bamborough Ward virago. It is too long, however, for quotation, and, moreover, rather coarse. Here is an incident in a different vein:—

Mounting my wee beastie, I went forth proudly on my way. About a mile and a half from the Carter Bar the road began to look dismal, and I began to feel very lonely. Jogging along in this mood, I espied the figure of a man at a distance from me. As we advanced towards each other, I observed the stranger to halt frequently, and to look very ominously at my galloway and its rider. The dreariness of the country, the solitude that reigned around, and the approaching footsteps of the unwelcome traveller, made me feel anything but comfortable. At last up came my gentleman and examined my galloway with all the eyes he had. "Eh, mon," said he, "where hae ye gotten that animal?" "I bought it at Whittingham Fair." "Aye, mon, an' who did ye buy it on there, mon?" I replied that I bought it of a butcher belonging to Shilbottle, an acquaintance of mine. He continued to look earnestly at the beast, putting his arm over its neck, gently pulling its ears, clapping its head, and using many tender and familiar endearments. At last he broke out with "Weel, maw puir Spunkie!" "You seem to know the animal?" I observed. "Know it, mon! Aye, I ken it ower weel, mon!" And as he said these words the tears came rolling down his cheeks. Checking his grief, he continued, "Mon, this verra beast belonged to a brither o' mine, an' puir fellow, he used to attend a' the petty races roon' about, an' the bit thing used to win every prize before it. But it cost him, that's my brither, his life. As I said just noo, he used to gang to a' the races i' the neighbourhood, an' being a wild laddie, an' muchly gi'en to drink, he was aften no fit to come hame by hissel'; yet the wee beastie used to bring him hame, as it kent the road better than its puir maister kent it. But the pitcher may gae aft to the well and be broken at last. Ma brither, yea day, had been drinkin' at the races, an' he gat unco fu'. Comin' on the road, he fell off puir Spunkie's back, and brak his neck! But, oh! clapping the galloway, "it wasna the puir beastie's fault; no, no, ma puir Spunkie!" "Ah! that, indeed, must have been a sorrowful job," I said. "Aye, mon, it was a fearfu' thing to be cut off in that way. But, noo, if ye'll gang back to the Carter Bar, I'll treat ye wi' a glass of the best i' the hoose." "Well, sir," I replied, "I would willingly do so, but as I am making my way to Campdown, not being able to reach Jedburgh to-night, I hope you will excuse me." I left the poor fellow standing the picture of real sorrow, and as I rode on I perceived him looking after me, repeating in a sad tone "Ma puir wee Spunkie!"

Billy was now a perfect Caleb Quotem, for, eschewing partners, he might have affirmed with truth—

All the work I did myself;
I coaxed the folks and took the pelf;
I strewed the sawduat, snuffed the lights,
And put my magic traps to rights;
I conjured, danced, and sang my songs,
And thus I pleased the wondering throngs.

On one occasion, he narrowly escaped getting sent to Morpeth Gaol for knocking a rival showman, who had taken the liberty to spread lying reports about him and his wife, through the green baize of his booth. Though no professional boxer, he could do a little when need was in the way of self-defence. At Kendal Races in the year

1822, when he was travelling in company with Johnson, the pugilist, he had a whimsical encounter in the boxiana line. It happened that one day, while some pugilistic scenes were being acted, Johnson asked any stranger in the assembled company to take the gloves, when a countryman, who knew little about sparring, accepted the challenge and assumed the gloves. Doubling up his hands in a most unscientific style, he awaited Johnson's advances; but the practitioner, seeing that he was nothing worth, declined to have anything to do with him, saying, "Oh, here's Mr. Merriman will do your business for you." Accordingly Billy took his stand before the unpolished husbandman; but the latter took him rather aback by lifting both hands at once, and sending him backwards in a jiffy. Not being perfectly contented with this mode of sparring, Billy told him "that wasn't the way to do," and he prepared to unglove, but a second thought altered his determination. Again he advanced, and, manœuvring to escape the man's arm, he dealt him such a blow that he knocked him over the form, and his head, striking against a bolt in the shutters, was sadly cut, and bled profusely. Billy was sorry to see the injury the poor fellow had sustained, but he consoled himself with reflecting that his head had little brains in it or he would not have let a fool floor him!

One of Billy's undertakings was to manufacture a set of fantoccini figures. The first attempt was on "Ben Block the Sailor." In a short time he finished nine excellent figures, which he named in the following order:—"Ben Block," "The Grand Mogul Turk," "The Indian Juggler," "Morgiana," "The Musical Rope Dancer," "Pantaloone and Pantalina," "Scaramouch," "The Boy and Butterfly," and lastly, the figure that always must come last, "Death, or the Skeleton!" whose astonishing convolutions, evolutions, and dislocations were witnessed by thousands with unmingled pleasure.

Our showman was thus conjurer, singer, dancer, phantasmagorian, fantoccini man, and we know not what besides; and as he augmented his list of qualifications, he increased his ratio of popularity. He had nobody can tell how many strings to his bow, and he could play passing well on the whole of them. At Houghton Feast, Sunderland Fair, Durham Fair, Morpeth Fair, Newcastle Races, North and South Shields Fairs and Races, Stagshawbank and Whitsunbank Fairs, Preston Guild, Carlisle Races, Stockton Races, Jedburgh and Kelso Races, Rothbury, Bellingham, Wooler, Alnwick, Belford, Blyth, North Sunderland, Chester-le-Street, Hartlepool, Darlington, Yarm, Whitehaven, and all the hirings, hoppings and merrymakings in the country side, he was invariably well patronised.

Once in Coldingham, in Berwickshire, his performance was spoiled by a rather singular occurrence. A long box, among other goods in a carrier's waggon, labelled, "—, Surgeon, Edinburgh," was discovered to send forth an

unsavoury odour, and attracted the attention of the carrier's wife. She was not long in expressing that something "no cannie" was in the box; and others, hearing her words, strengthened her suspicions by affirming that she was right. A hole was made, and a piece of wire poked in and drawn out, bearing on it evident signs of far gone putrefaction. The wife insisted on her husband breaking open the box, which operation was performed, when lo! no sooner was the lid removed than the decaying corpse of a poor old woman, who had died a week before, was discovered in the box. The carrier told the people who it was that had given him the box to carry, and no sooner was the miscreant's name uttered than away ran the crowd to give the doctor the benefit of "Lynch Law." The offender was found in hiding in a low-thatched cottage, which the infuriated villagers attacked, and it would certainly have gone very hard with him if a constable had not arrived, who saved him from the people's hands by taking him into custody. The body of the poor old woman was again buried; but the excitement caused by this resurrection work took away all interest for the nonce from Billy's show.

One year (the dry year, 1826) he made a bold inroad into Scotland, as far as Glasgow, Paisley, Kilmarnock, and Dundee; but his fame at that time had scarcely reached so far north, and he only got poor encouragement at first. However, his easy good nature, affability, ready wit, and power of repartee, stood him in as good stead on the other side of the Tweed as it had done on this; and he returned to Newcastle a richer man than he had left it, though he had sold the materials of his booth at Dundee to a canvas weaver, having some thought of changing his line of business.

The new speculation was to set up as proprietor of a more pretentious and commodious structure. Billy Purvis's Victoria Theatre soon became a sort of provincial institution, and his company and himself reaped laurels for the entertainments given by them, not only all over the North of England, but in Leith, Glasgow, Greenock, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Dundee, and other Scottish towns.

It was a rare treat to see Billy steal the bundle. It was never the same thing twice. The drollery was always fresh. The discovery of the bundle—the speculations as to who it belonged to—what might be its contents—whether it would be safe to open it—whether it really had or had not an owner—whether the man or woman who laid it there had not stolen it, or forgotten it, or thrown it away because tired of carrying it—whether the owner would ever come back for it—whether, if he stole it, he would be detected—whether there was, after all, such a thing as stealing—whether every appropriation of a thing was not stealing—whether one could be said to steal a bundle like that when no one seemed to have any better claim to it—what he would do if he took and opened the bundle, and found the contents to be so and

so, as tobacco, groceries, clothes, or something else—all this monologue or scilology, delivered in the purest Typeside vernacular, with irresistibly comic manual and facial action, and broad local and personal allusions, was certain to bring down the house. And, then, when at length he did "lowse" the bundle, what revelations! As Billy's amanuensis and editor, J. P. Robson, says, in a clever song he wrote on the subject, which was sung to the tune of "The King of the Cannibal Islands," he could coax dumplings from an old wife's pan, turn tea to blacking, sugar to chalk, girdle cakes to half bricks, and bring them promiscuously out of his marvellous bundle, making his audiences "fit to pull doon a' the plyace."

Billy's theatrical company included many accomplished players—both actors and actresses. Several of them made considerable reputations for themselves, such as C. H. Stephenson, Ned Corvan, and Emma Atkinson. But the grand attraction, after all, which caused the pavilion to be crowded every night, was "Billy an' his Bundle."

Corvan, of whom more will be said anon, was given to painting. One of his productions was a picture in oils, representing Billy in his great scene. It is from this picture, now in the possession of Mr. B. W. Birtley, of

Newcastle, that the accompanying illustration is reproduced.

Until a late period of his life, "when teeth fell out, and gums fell in," Billy could sing a good comic song. He was fond of jovial company and the merriest of hearty good fellows. Wherever he went he became a favourite—witness the number of medals and shields he got presented to him from different convivial fraternities and lodges. His company was much courted, and the temptations to drink thrown in his way were unusually strong. Still, even in the hey-day of his popularity, he could never be accused of having "sacrificed the strains of Apollo to the mad orgies of Bacchanalian riot and confusion."

For a considerable time before his death, Billy had been "gradually sliding away." He closed his chequered career at Hartlepool, on December 16, 1853; and he rests from his histrionic labours under the walls of St. Hilda's Church in that town, where, as elsewhere, the "bits o' bairns a' kenned him weel." Crowds gathered to follow his remains to the tomb. The Freemasons and the Odd-fellows, to both which fraternities he belonged, paid their last tribute of sincere respect to their deceased friend and brother at the side of his open grave, together with the entire company of his Victorian Theatre. A few years



afterwards, Messrs. Sangers, the equestrians, gave an afternoon's performance in their circus at Hartlepool, the profits of which were applied to the erection of a tombstone over Billy's grave.

The Ruins at Bearpark, near Durham.

AN old work on the City of Durham and its environs, published anonymously in 1824, contains the following account of Bearpark, a corruption of Beaurepaire, once a lovely retreat of the monks of Durham:—

To the north-west of Neville's Cross, and about two miles from Durham, on a pleasant eminence, rising above the river Brone, or Browney, at Bearpark, formerly called Beaurepaire, are the remains of an ancient mansion or pleasure house, which belonged to the priors of Durham monastery, and have been thus described:—"The chapel is 13 paces long, and eight wide; the east window consists of three lights, circular at the top and very plain; there are three windows on each side, each divided by a mullion into two lights, their framing on the inside square. The wall is strengthened by a buttress of neat hewn stonework between each window, and a cornice runs round the building of the zig-zag figure. There is a door on the north side of the chapel from the court. The walls of the chapel on the inside are ornamented with a regular succession of small round columns or pilasters, belted in the midst, the capitals filled with a garland of open-cut foliage of delicate work, from whence spring pointed arches; three pilasters and two arches in each space between the windows; the west end is equally finished with pilasters and arches, and there is a small window in the centre. At each side of the east windows is a pedestal for a statue of considerable size. The apartment under the chapel is lighted by small square windows; but as the floor of the chapel is gone, it is not easy to determine how it was at first constructed. Adjoining to the chapel, to the west, is a long building, the two gables of which are standing, having a large window of six lights to the south; this was most probably the refectory. On the north, the remains of a building, 20 paces in length, lighted to the east by three windows, which we conjecture was the dormitory. There is a door case standing, which has been the entrance into the garden or some chief court, with the arms of the See in the centre." At present, however, the remains are so ruined and confused as to render them totally indistinct. J. L., London.

About the year 1244, Bertram de Middleton, Prior of Durham from that year to 1258, desiring to build a summer residence for his brethren, explored the land far and near, and at last came to the decision that the grassy heights "about three miles N.W. from Durham" overlooking the lovely valley of the winding river Browney, was the exact spot required for fulfilling his purpose. Hence the poetical name with which the mansion was graced—Beau Repaire—"the beautiful retreat." Evidently it covered a large space of ground, for traces of the wall which enclosed it still remain. And not of the wall only, but of the retreat itself, for many old stones and odd bits of masonry are built into the surrounding farm buildings,

giving them quite a look of antiquity. Strange transition from the romantic to the practical—from the homes of monks to the homes of cattle! Prior Hugh de Derlington (Darlington) greatly improved Bearpark, and erected this wall, nearly the whole of which was destroyed by the Scots in 1315.

In 1346, King David Bruce of Scotland encamped here with his large army (just before "ye battle of ye Neville Crosse"), and the work of destruction was aided not a little by his vigorous soldiers, who killed the deer and made a wilderness of the beautiful park. Once more, in 1641, the Scots ravished the no longer lovely Beau Repaire; and in 1644, after yet another attempt, they seem to have retired satisfied that success had crowned their labours.

There is very little of the old building left to attract sightseers now. Nothing but a high gable, with a very dilapidated window, where even "the ivy green that creepeth o'er ruins old" (as Dickens sings) refuses to creep. True, the Browney sparkles below, and the hill on which the ruins stand is still green and quiet; but the untrodden wastes over which the monks used to look are now ploughed and beaten, and the smoke of a colliery village ascends upward, instead of incense, chant, prayer, or benediction.

FAIRY, Durham.

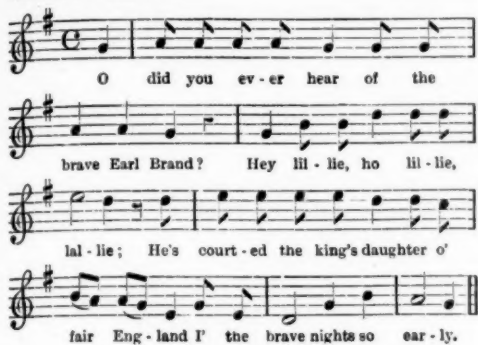
The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokor.

THE BRAVE EARL BRAND AND THE KING OF ENGLAND'S DAUGHTER.

AHIS ballad, which resembles the Danish ballad of "*Ribolt*," was written down from the recitation of an old fiddler in Northumberland, as Mr. J. H. Dixon informs us in his "*Ballads and Songs of the English Peasantry*." The copy which we have here followed is taken from a manuscript in the handwriting of the late Mr. Robert White, the celebrated antiquary, and now in the possession of his sister, Mrs. Andrews, of Claremont Place, Newcastle, to whose recollection we are also indebted for the beautiful melody to which the ballad was chanted in the olden time. Mrs. Andrews learnt the tune from her mother. Professor Francis James Child, of Harvard College, Boston, whose edition of *English and Scottish Ballads* in eight volumes is the most complete of any yet published, is of opinion that this ballad is certainly the most important addition made of late years to the stores of genuine minstrel poetry. One peculiarity of the ballad is that it is of a duoliner character. The verses consist of four lines, but the second and fourth lines are the same throughout the whole piece. Ballads of a similar

metrical construction seem to have been common to all the Northern nations.



O! did you ever hear of the brave Earl Brand?
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
He's courted the king's daughter of fair England,
I' the brave nights so early!

She was scarcely fifteen years that tide,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
When sae boldly she came to his bedside,
I' the brave nights so early!

"O Earl Brand, how fain wad I see,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
A pack of hounds let loose on the lea."
I' the brave nights so early!

"O lady fair, I have no steed but one,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
But thou shalt ride and I will run."
I' the brave nights so early!

"O Earl Brand, but my father has two,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And thou shalt have the best o' tho'"
I' the brave nights so early!

Now they have ridden o'er moss and moor,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And they have met neither rich nor poor;
I' the brave nights so early!

Till at last they met with old Carl Hood,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
He's aye for ill and never for good,
I' the brave nights so early!

"Now, Earl Brand, an' ye love me,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Slay this old Carl and gar him die."
I' the brave nights so early!

"O lady fair, but that would be sair,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
To slay an auld Carl that wears grey hair,
I' the brave nights so early!

"O lady fair, I'll not do that,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
I'll pay him his fee"
I' the brave nights so early!

"O where have you ridden this lee lang day,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And where have you stown this lady away?"
I' the brave nights so early!

"I have not ridden this lee lang day,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Nor have I stown this lady away,
I' the brave nights so early!

"For she is I trow, my sick sister,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Whom I am bringin' fra' Winchester."
I' the brave nights so early!

"If she's been sick and nigh to dead,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
What makes her wear the ribbon sae red?
I' the brave nights so early!

"If she's been sick and like to die,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
What makes her wear the gold sae hie?"
I' the brave nights so early!

When cam the Carl to the lady's yett,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
He rudely, rudely rapped thereat,
I' the brave nights so early!

"Now where is the lady of this hall?"
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
"She's out with her maids a playing at the ball."
I' the brave nights so early!

"Ha, ha, ha! ye are all mista'en;
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Ye may count your maidens owre again.
I' the brave nights so early!

"I met her far beyond the lea,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
With the young Earl Brand his leman to be."
I' the brave nights so early!

Her father of his best men armed fifteen,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And they're ridden after them bidene,
I' the brave nights so early!

The lady looked owre her left shoulder, then,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Says "O Earl Brand, we are both of us ta'en."
I' the brave nights so early!

"If they come on me one by one,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
You may stand by me till the fights be done.
I' the brave nights so early!

"But if they come on me one and all,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
You may stand by and see me fall."
I' the brave nights so early!

They came upon him one by one,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Till fourteen battles he has won.
I' the brave nights so early!

And fourteen men he has them slain,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
Each after each upon the plain,
I' the brave nights so early!

But the fifteenth man behind stole round,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And dealt him a deep and a deadly wound,
I' the brave nights so early!

Though he was wounded to the deid,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
He set his lady on her steed,
I' the brave nights so early!

They rode till they came to the river Doune,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And there they lighted to wash his wound,
I' the brave nights so early!

"O Earl Brand, I see your heart's blood."
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
"It's nothing but the gient of my scarlet hood."
I' the brave nights so early!

They rode till they came to his mother's yett,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
So faintly and feebly he rapped thereat,
I' the brave nights so early!

"O my son's slain! he is falling to swoon,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
And it's all for the sake of an English loon."
I' the brave nights so early!

"O say not so, my dearest mother,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
But marry her to my youngest brother."
I' the brave nights so early!

"To a maiden true he'll give his hand,
Hey lillie, ho lillie, lallie;
To the king's daughter of fair England,
To a prize that was won by a slain brother's brand,
I' the brave nights so early!"

The Woodpeckers.

THE woodpeckers (*Picidae*) form an important group of the tree-climbing races of birds. In Northumberland and Durham only three species have been observed, the Green Woodpecker (*Picus viridis*), the Greater Spotted Woodpecker (*Picus major*), and the Lesser Spotted Woodpecker (*Picus minor*).

The woodpeckers, irrespective of size and plumage, have a general family resemblance. They have a slender body and powerful beak, which is usually straight, conical, and furnished with a sharp ridge at its culmen. The short, strong feet are turned inwards; the toes are long and placed in pairs, the exterior pair being connected as far as the first joint; the hinder toe, which is the smallest of all, is so situated as to pair with the innermost and longest toe; in some instances this short fourth toe is but slightly developed, or entirely wanting; the claws are long, strong, very sharp, and much hooked. The wings are rounded, and of medium size; their ten primaries are narrow and pointed, whilst their secondaries (from nine to ten in number, according to Dr. Brehm) are broader, but not much shorter, than the primary quills. Of these latter, the first is very small, those next in order graduated to the third or fourth, which is the longest. The very remarkable tail is formed of ten large and two small feathers; these latter are placed above instead of under the rest; the central tail feathers are the largest, and very stiff. The strangely constructed tongue, by the aid of which the woodpeckers are enabled to capture the small insects upon which they in a great measure subsist, is sharp, barbed, pointed, and endowed with a glutinous secretion, derived from glands situated in the throat, and communicating with the mouth by two long ducts, the glutinous coating being thus renewed every time the tongue is drawn within the bill. Fruits, seeds, and insects constitute the food of the woodpeckers, and in pursuit of it they exhibit wonderful dexterity—climbing with astonishing activity the trunks and branches of trees; and when, by tapping with their bills, a rotten place has been discovered, they dig at once vigorously in search of the grub or larvæ snugly embedded beneath the bark, thus rendering inestimable service to man by destroying hosts of insects.

The green woodpecker (*Picus viridis*) is a resident in the two counties. It is not, Mr. Hancock tells us, "by any means common, but it occasionally breeds in the

district. Mr. Isaac Clark took a nest of it with three eggs, at Minsteracres, two or three years ago. According to Wallis, this species was frequent in Dilston Park before the trees were cut down." The scarcity of all the birds of this family is, in part, chiefly owing to the ruthless manner in which they are shot, whenever seen, for specimens. The green woodpecker is a native of nearly all the countries of Europe, from Italy to Siberia. Though nowhere numerous in this country, it is nevertheless a well-known bird, as is evidenced by its long roll of common names—such as ecle, whitwall, popinjay, woodspite, rain-bird, rain-fowl, whittle, high hoe, hewhole, pick-a-tree, awl-bird, yappingall, yaffle, yaffer, and nick-a-pecker. Most of these names are descriptive of the habits and peculiar note of the bird. It is called the rain-bird because, when it is more than ordinarily noisy, the weatherwise predict a fall.

Shaped somewhat like the kingfisher, the green wood-



pecker is a handsome bird, of green and brown plumage, delicately marked and banded with white, with a rich crimson crest. In size it is between the common starling and the jay. It is a shy and unsocial bird, and it is heard more frequently than seen. When the woods are otherwise silent, the woodpecker may be heard "tapping the hollow beech tree." Like the tits, it may be occasionally seen in curious positions, creeping up the boles of trees, and searching the holes and crevices of the bark for food. The shrill, wild cry of the woodpecker may often be heard in woods, and has been likened by some to the neighing of a horse, and by others to a peal of unearthly laughter. It has further been compared by a competent naturalist to the syllables "glu, glu, glu, gluck," finishing off with a sharp "gk," as though a "laugh had tumbled down and broken its neck, turning into something like a cry before it expired."

The male is about one foot in length. Bill, bluish black,

the base of the lower part being nearly white; from its corner a black streak runs downwards, the middle part being brilliant red, the feathers grey at the base; iris, greyish white, with a faint tinge of yellow; black bristles surround the base of the bill. Forehead, jet black; head, on the sides, greenish white; crown, brilliant red, running downwards to a point brighter than the rest; neck, on the sides, greyish green, on the back and the nape, greenish yellow; throat, brownish white; breast, yellowish grey, with a tinge of green; chin, as the breast; back, a fine greenish yellow, below yellow. The female is about an inch and a half shorter than the male, with less red on the crown of the head, and the plumage more dull in colour.

The greater spotted woodpecker (*Picus major*) has a



variety of common names—such as whitwall, woodwall, woodnacker, wood pie, French pie, pied woodpecker, great black and white woodpecker, and French woodpecker. Mr. Selby considered that these birds were probably migratory, as he had met with them in Northumberland in the months of October and November, generally after storms from the north-east. Several examples of the greater spotted woodpecker have been obtained in both Northumberland and Durham during the past few years.

As might be supposed from the conformation of the claws and tail, these birds are expert tree climbers, and work about the trunks and branches not unlike the creepers and nuthatches. Sometimes they will run to the top of the tree, and then fly off. They seldom alight on the ground, and their movements there are rather awkward. The food consists of insects and caterpillars, seeds, fruits, and nuts. In spring they produce a jarring noise, and their note is expressed by Meyer by the syllables "gich" and "kirr," uttered only once at a time, at long intervals. Their calls are chiefly heard in the love season. They begin to nest about the beginning of April, sometimes in March. No regular nest is formed, the eggs being usually deposited on the dust and chips at the bottom of a hole in a tree, at a depth

of six or seven inches, but sometimes two feet from the mouth of the hole excavated by the strong and sharp bill of the bird.

The male weighs about three ounces, and is nearly ten inches in length, the spike-like bill being of a dark, glossy horn colour. The upper portion of the body is black, of a dull yellowish grey beneath. There are large spots on the shoulders, and some irregular markings on the wings; the back of the head and lower part of the belly are light red; and a black line passes from the base of the beak to the nape. The tail has the two middle feathers black, pointed, and longer than the rest; legs and toes, blackish grey, the former feathered part of the way down in front; claws much hooked and black. The female is without red on the nape; and in the young the top of the head is bright red.

The lesser spotted woodpecker (*Picus minor*) is a rare bird in the Northern Counties, but, according to Mr. J. W. Fawcett's "Birds of Durham," it has nested in that county. It has bred in Yorkshire, and several other counties further south. Mr. Hancock has the following brief note on the subject:—"An example of this rare casual visitant was shot upwards of forty years ago at Gosforth, near Newcastle, and is in my possession. In Mr. Selby's catalogue it is stated that a specimen was some time ago killed at Wallsend. In Wallis's History of Northumberland one is recorded as having been shot in Dilston Park."

Like its relatives, the lesser woodpecker, strictly speaking, does not migrate, but only quits its native woodlands to wander erratically over the country during the spring and autumn. At other seasons it is said to keep strictly within the limits of a spot which it selects for a home, and which invariably contains a large hollow tree suitable as a sleeping place. The naturalist Naumann tells us that, as



this bird retires to rest later than many other of the feathered inhabitants of its favourite groves or orchards, many fierce battles ensue before it can obtain possession of the particular hole it desires, as titmice and sparrows

also prefer a warm, snug nook, and are by no means disposed to resign quietly in favour of the intruder.

Its food principally consists of small insects and their larvæ, spiders and ants, which it finds on the branches of trees in woods and orchards, and it may sometimes be noticed on the ground feeding on insects. Its note, shrill and oft-repeated, resembles the syllables "keek keek, keek keek." One of the sounds it makes has been likened to that made by an auger in boring—hence one of its many common names, the pump-borer. The nest is usually placed in a hole in a tree, and no ordinary nesting materials are used, the eggs being deposited on sawdust and minute chips. Sometimes more than one hole is made, partially or wholly, though only one is finally occupied.

The male is from five and a half to six inches long (the birds differing from their congeners in the comparative shortness of the slightly conical beak, rounded tail, and the peculiar colouration of plumage). In the male the brow is yellowish grey, the crown of the head bright red, the upper part of the back entirely black, and the lower portion white, streaked with black; the whole of the wings are striped black and white, and relieved by a black line that passes along the sides of the neck, which is thus divided from the grey belly. The centre tail feathers are black. The female is without the red patch on the head; the young resemble the mother, but are somewhat duller in their hues. The wings measure two inches and three-quarters, and the tail two inches and a quarter.

Louis Dutens, the Eccentric Rector of Elsdon.



HE Rev. Louis Dutens (or Duchillon), A.M., F.R.S., Historiographer to his Majesty and honorary member of the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, held, during a considerable period, the valuable living of Elsdon in Northumberland.

M. Dutens, every inch a Frenchman, was born at Tours in 1729 of a very ancient Protestant family. He received the elements of education from his mother, "the most tender of parents," and passed his early years in reading poems, romances, and books of a similar description. From thence he rose to a slight acquaintance with writers of history and ethics, until, by degrees, he arrived at the age when the heart begins to feel that inexplicable sentiment, sweet and bitter, the source of mingled pleasure and pain, commonly called the tender passion. He now fell desperately in love with a schoolmaster's daughter, who, according to the fashion of all damsels of this description, immediately returned his flame, and insisted on his naming the marriage day forthwith. He applied to his father for this purpose, and poured out to him his whole heart; but love, it

would seem, wanted its usual eloquence on this occasion, for the only answer which the elder Dutens thought proper to give was a sound box on the ear, intimating thereby, with sufficient precision, that the proposal was not to his liking. The chagrin which this failure occasioned made the young man suddenly and secretly leave his father's house, and take the road to Angers, where his evil genius, however, still pursued him, as he again fell in love, this time with his landlord's daughter, who proved as complaisant as his former sweetheart had been. But her father took umbrage at his addresses, and drove him from the premises, so that he was obliged to set out for Nantes. Here the same planet continued to rule his destiny, and a third unsuccessful passion forced him away. So he hied to Paris. He arrived in the capital of fashion and frivolity just in time to see the festivities which celebrated the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The wanderer's first occupation, after seeing the lions, was to write a tragedy, which was of course rejected. His next was to resume his old vocation, and fall in love with a lady of all manner of perfections. With her he was on the point of accomplishing a union, by carrying her off from the "pension" where she was a pupil, when her enraged parent arrived, and hurried her away from his sight, leaving him in the parlour of the boarding school overwhelmed with unruly grief, and with difficulty kept, by the rest of the misses, from dashing out his own brains against the wall.

Louis Dutens's family were rigid Protestants, and were exposed to all the intolerable prosecutions which awaited the dissenters from the Catholic Church in France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Of these he had a very near view in his own house. The archbishop of his diocese ordered to be carried off by force, from the arms of her parents, a sister twelve years old, in order to shut her up in a convent. No entreaties, addressed either to the prelate or the French Ministry, could obtain the slightest relaxation of this cruel order. The young woman was detained four years, at the end of which time, in self-defence, wearied out with the importunity of proselytisers, she abjured the religion of her father, and took the veil. The fate of his sister, and a consideration of the state of things which rendered such an outrage possible, induced him to form the resolution of leaving France; so he set out for England, with the intention of making it his adopted home.

On his way to the coast he passed through a town where two English ladies were staying for the benefit of their health. Hearing that one of them was Miss Pitt, sister of the English minister, he contrived to procure an introduction to them, and with that talent for making himself agreeable and serviceable which never failed him through life, he managed to become a prime favourite with them. He also fell desperately in love, for the fifth time, with Miss Taylor, the companion of Miss Pitt. She returned his passion with equal ardour. The pair soon after met again in England, where they ex-

changed mutual vows of eternal fidelity; but, nevertheless, Dutens seems to have given up all thoughts of marrying; at least we hear no more of Miss Taylor through the whole course of his memoirs. (*Memoires d'un Voyageur qui se Repose*, 3 vols. London: Dulau, 1806.)

From Miss Pitt he received a letter for her brother, the great Earl of Chatham, who at first received him kindly, and then suddenly shut his door against him, in consequence of his sister having had some words with one of the adventurer's relatives in France. After a short and unprofitable stay in this country, M. Dutens returned to his father's house. There he fell sick. During a dangerous illness and tedious recovery, he was nursed by his sister and taught religion, as he himself tells us. Thus fortified and fitted out anew, he revisited the great Babel of London, where he was soon after received in the family of a Mr. Wyche as tutor to his son. He now found, rather inopportunely, that he had grievously neglected his own education, and that he knew none of the things which he had been hired to teach. By incessant labour, however, he contrived to keep somewhat ahead of his pupil, and when, at length, Mr. Wyche discovered his ignorance of the higher branches of learning, he very amiably took upon himself the instruction both of his son and his tutor. In this worthy family, Dutens seems to have passed several very tranquil, profitable, and happy years. Unfortunately, however, his pupil died. This event plunged him into great grief, and he continued absorbed in it for the best part of six weeks, after which the first occupation in which he felt he could interest himself was the instruction of a young sister of his deceased pupil, both deaf and dumb. By degrees he was more and more engaged in this pursuit; and at last he and his fair pupil become inseparable. Miss Wyche soon proved a most desperate and daring lover. Ignorant of the forms and proprieties of life, she made him direct proposals which he could not misinterpret, but which he parried with the best grace he could muster. At length he left the house abruptly, and accepted the offer of a gentleman who was going to Turin on a diplomatic mission, and who was in want of a private secretary and domestic chaplain. Accordingly (in 1758), he set out for Piedmont with Mr. Mackenzie Stuart, brother of Lord Bute, and very soon, after his manner, became absolutely necessary to his patron's existence. At Turin, he enjoyed, of course, all the good society which belonged to the place. He picked up in this way a great many curious anecdotes which he afterwards gave to the world in a curious little volume to which he gave the title of "Dutentiana."

When Mr. Mackenzie Stuart, his principal, was obliged to return home, M. Dutens, though a Frenchman and at a time when this country was at war with France, was left as our *chargé d'affaires* at the Court of Turin. This situation he filled for several months, and then returned to

England by way of Paris. In that city he made himself agreeable to the English whom he happened to meet, and had an opportunity, in this company, of seeing Sterne, the author of "Tristram Shandy," at the table of the Marquis of Tavistock. The conversation happened to turn on Turin, and Sterne, who did not know who the gentleman that sat next to him was, asked him if he knew M. Dutens. The latter replied that he did, and was most intimate with him. All the company began to laugh, and Sterne, who had no idea the individual alluded to was present, at once jumped to the conclusion that Dutens must be a queer sort of person, since his very name called forth such merriment. So he asked his unknown neighbour, "Is he not a rather singular man?" "Yes," replied he, "quite an original." "I had my doubts about him," continued Sterne. "I have heard it said of him—" And he went on to draw Dutens's portrait out of his own head, while Dutens seemed to acquiesce. Then, seeing that the subject evidently amused the company, he set himself to invent, in the fertility of his fancy, a number of stories after his peculiar manner, continuing the recitation till it was time to separate. Dutens was the first to leave, and, as soon as he was gone, the others gave Sterne to understand that the gentleman he had been libelling, and who had just left, had managed to contain himself out of respect for Lord Tavistock, but that he was not a person to be played with, or made a fool of, and that it was morally certain he would hear from him in the morning. Sterne saw that he had carried the joke too far, and, dreading the consequences, he called at Dutens's lodgings early the next morning, and made a thousand apologies, which were of course accepted.

After remaining some time in London, obtaining a good pension from Lord Bute's Administration and augmenting the list of noblemen to whose existence he was more than half necessary, Dutens returned to Turin, and again resumed the functions of *chargé d'affaires*. He employed his leisure in planning several learned works, and in getting up an edition of Liebnitz, which was afterwards published at Geneva. In compiling this edition, he had occasion to write a preface upon certain points in mathematical science which he confessed he understood nothing about. It was so much approved of, that he used afterwards to argue from thence in favour of authors confining themselves to subjects of which they are ignorant.

Shortly after his return to England from Turin, he got an introduction to the Duke of Northumberland, and became a regular attender at Northumberland House. He was dazzled, he tells us, by the magnificence of the duke, enchanted by the polite attentions with which his grace honoured him, and particularly flattered by the distinction he received from the duchess. The duke, however, unfortunately threw himself into opposition in Parliament, and all hopes of préférence through his grace's influence were thenceforth banished. Dutens also soon discovered that the duke, though a great lover of the arts

and sciences, and fond of conversing on such subjects, did nothing, or next to nothing, for his dependents. Yet, he did not fail, from time to time, when he had no other great men to beset, to frequent Northumberland House; and he was at length rewarded for his assiduity by the presentation of the living of Elsdon, in Northumberland, then (1766) worth £800 a year. The king likewise made him a present of a thousand pounds, to enable him to buy furniture, etc. Moderately handsome as this was, it did not near come up to the ideas of M. Dutens as to the worth of his services. He rather considered his relegation to the valley of the Reed in the light of an honourable banishment. So he retired in disgust to his parish, as he tells us in his memoirs, despising the world, hating the great who had so grievously neglected him, and abjuring for the rest of his life all dangling after lords and ladies. Nay, so seriously did he set about this radical reform in his life that he took with him Regnier's "Satire upon Government," in order that he might have close at hand every hour of the day that excellent preservative against tuft-hunting.

"The parishioners at Elsdon," says a writer in the *Newcastle Magazine* for April, 1823, "expressed much dissatisfaction when they learnt that a foreigner was established as their minister, and on his first visit to take possession of his benefice his appearance confirmed their dislike; but in preaching the first sermon the discontent rose to clamorous opposition, one and all declaring that they had not understood a single word of his discourse, and a petition to the bishop for relief was the theme of every tongue. Although well informed of all that was passing, he appeared to know nothing of the matter, but freely mixed among the people with the most winning and cheerful condescension, and in going round the parish he personally invited to dine with him, at the old castle, as many of the higher class as his table would accommodate. On the appointed day, as they arrived, they were shown into a room; and when the whole had met, he entered the room with expressions of the utmost surprise at seeing them there, declaring that he had no reason to expect the honour of a visit from any one of them on that day. One of them very warmly appealed to himself if he had not in person invited them to dine with him. 'Oh, yes!' returned the clerical humorist. 'Oh, yes, my very good friend, I did invite you, and you, and you, to my dine, but you all say, every one of you say, you no understand one word I speak. Oh te! very good, when I preach you from my pulpit, you no understand my speak, but when I invite you to my good dine, you very well understand.' It was instantly perceived that the play-off was a good humoured joke upon themselves, and a hearty laugh at each other was the prelude to the dinner bell. By similar practices of pleasing cheerfulness, he in time conciliated his parishioners, and still more by being commendably moderate in the exaction of his tithes."

Equipped for philosophy, and resolved to live for him-

self, thus did M. Dutens, at the ripe age of fifty years, quit, for the first time in his life, the habits of a courtier, and plunge into the dull routine of a country life, in a solitary parsonage on the borders of Chevy Chase. But the change was of transient duration. He soon embarked anew on the stormy sea of the great world. For, almost as soon as he had begun his new plans of life, he read in a newspaper Lord Mountstuart's appointment as resident at Turin, and instantly set all his engines of intrigue in motion to get himself adopted as his private secretary. This attempt was successful; the spiritual cure of his Northumbrian charge was handed over to a properly qualified curate; and he set out for Italy with the ambassador's family in the capacity of what is usually termed a factotum. He took charge of everything on the route. He was, indeed, the chief of the expedition. Nothing was undertaken or done without his advice and consent. He was the oracle of the party, an invaluable man in every department. He now travelled about the Continent, sometimes with Lord and Lady Mountstuart, sometimes alone, in which latter case he carried with him a travelling library of select volumes in nine different languages. He was received everywhere, and particularly by princes, and most of all by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with the most distinguished attention. He was entertained for some weeks in the most elegant and sumptuous fashion by the family of Choiseul at their grand mediæval chateau; he rubbed shoulders with the great French Minister Turgot; and he shivered philosophic lances with the celebrated encyclopedists D'Alembert and Condorcet.

While thus pleasantly engaged, great was his astonishment one morning to receive the melancholy news of the death of his old friend and patron, Mr. Mackenzie Stuart, coupled with the pleasing announcement that that gentleman had left him a third part of his personal property—an equal share with his two nephews—amounting to £15,000. This legacy at once placed M. Dutens on an independent footing. He could henceforth afford to take his *otium cum dignitate*. He gave up tuft-hunting for good and all, and betook himself to quiet study for the remainder of his life. Some of the fruits of his scientific investigations are now before us, in the shape of solid quartos, octavos, and duodecimos. His chief work is intitled "Researches into the Origin of the Discoveries of the Moderns," wherein it is demonstrated that our most celebrated philosophers have drawn a large part of their knowledge from the works of the ancients, and that several important truths regarding religion were known to the Pagan sages. It was written originally in French, and published in Paris in 1766. An English translation appeared in 1769, a second French edition a few years subsequently, and a third in quarto, considerably enlarged, in London, 1796. It is one of those singular books in which a vast amount of erudition is as good as thrown away in an attempt to establish a plausible, but

untenable theory. The list of authors consulted in its preparation ranges over all the letters of the alphabet, from the Arabian historian Abulpharagius to the Byzantine annalists Zonarus and Zozimus. If it were for nothing but the copious quotations it contains, the book is well worth reading. His "Memoirs of a Traveller now in Retirement"—also published, we believe, both in French and English (we have consulted the French edition only)—extends to five vols. octavo, and appeared in 1806. The year before that M. Dutens had published another learned work in quarto, "Researches into the Most Remote Time at which the Arch was used by the Ancients." In this he endeavoured to prove that the scientific construction of the arch was known to the Egyptians, Babylonians, Etruscans, and others, long prior to the age of Alexander the Great, before whose days, however, there is every reason to conclude that the arch was unknown. M. Dutens managed to support his opinions by a great variety of citations from ancient and modern writers, and by arguments deduced from the actual remains of ancient buildings, as well as from the descriptions extant of those which are now no more.

M. Dutens died in London on the 3rd of May, 1812, in the 83rd year of his age.

Samuel Reay, Organist.



R. SAMUEL REAY, Mus. Bac., Oxon., one of the series of eminent organists who gave recitals on the new organ lately supplied to St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, was born at Hexham, on March 17, 1822, his father at that time being organist of the abbey church of that ancient town.



MR. SAMUEL REAY.

In early childhood young Reay exhibited an unusual aptitude for music, and when about eight years of age, his father having meantime removed to Ryton-on-Tyne, he was admitted to the then famous choir of Durham Cathedral. Under the late Dr. Henshaw, he received a thorough vocal training, and laid the foundation

of that knowledge of church music which has been so valuable to him in after life.

On leaving Durham, young Reay was placed under the care of the late Mr. James Stimpson, who at that time was organist of St. Andrew's, Newcastle-on-Tyne, with whom he studied organ and piano playing, and the theory of music generally. Such rapid progress was made that,

at the early age of seventeen, he became organist to the late Rev. Thomas Gillow, of North Shields. Leaving here, he officiated for some time at St. Michael's, Houghton-le-Spring, and on Mr. Stimpson's promotion to Carlisle Cathedral in 1841 he was selected from several competing candidates to succeed his master at St. Andrew's. Here, two years later, he established, in conjunction with the late Rev. William Dodd, the first surpliced and regular antiphonal choir in the North of England, outside a cathedral, with full choral service and choral celebration, performed by an efficient staff of men and boys, the latter selected from the parish schools and trained by the young organist. In 1845, the offer of a considerably increased stipend induced him to accept the organistship of St. Thomas's, Barras Bridge, where he had the charge of a very excellent mixed choir.

Two years later, after a keen competition, Mr. Reay was appointed organist of St. Peter's Church, Tiverton. Soon after taking up his residence in this pleasant town, he turned his attention to the composition of the part songs which have rendered his name so famous, several of them, "Sweet is the Breath of Early Morn," "The Clouds that Wrap," "The Dawn of Day," and others, having been written for the Tiverton Vocal Society, an amateur body of which he was the conductor. He, therefore, may be recognized as amongst the first of modern English writers to devote himself to this class of music. About the same time Mr. Reay conceived the notion of collecting materials towards a history of keyed and string instruments, which resulted in his delivering interesting lectures on the subject at Tiverton, Exeter, Teignmouth, Durham, Alnwick, and other places. He lectured on "Old English Ballad Music," and cognate subjects at the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, in December, 1853.

In 1854, Mr. Reay was appointed, again after competition, organist of St. John's Church, Hampstead, and, later, of St. Saviour's and St. Stephen's, Paddington. In 1859, he succeeded Dr. E. G. Monk (translated to York Minster) as organist and precentor of St. Peter's College, Radley, where there was a fine organ, a large choir, and an excellent cathedral service. On resigning this post, he became organist and choir-master, under the late Canon Hornby, of the parish church, Bury, Lancashire, famous for its choir and choral service. And on the retirement of Dr. Dearle, in 1864, he succeeded him in the important and ancient office of song schoolmaster of the parish church, Newark.

Mr. Reay has written much music for the Church, and his services and anthems and hymns have found an acceptable place in the repertoires of many cathedrals and "places where they sing." Among his latest work has been "the genial task," as he describes it, "of putting appropriate harmonies and symphonies to the songs and ballads contained in the interesting 'Northumbrian Minstrelsy,'" edited by Dr. Bruce and Mr. John Stokoe.

A WEEK-END at BELLINGHAM

THE town of Bellingham, built on sloping ground on the left bank of the North Tyne, five hundred feet or more above the level of Hexham, and well nigh forty miles from Newcastle, is just one of those places at which people who are fond of a country with historic associations can profitably spend a week-end. Many a valiant chieftain lived about Bellingham in the time of the Scottish marauders. There was no shirking obligations in those days; for it had been enacted in the Parliament called on October 9th, 1385, by Richard III., that all possessors of lands on the marches beyond the river Tyne, whether lords or others, should reside with them, except such as the king should think fit to dispense with. The town reposes now in peace with the Scots and all the world, attracting to itself every year an increasing number of tourists and visitors.

It is perhaps worth while recounting in brief space a few of the attractions which Bellingham can offer the strange visitor. Foremost is the wild moorland country which surrounds it. How many happy days can be spent roaming over the heather-clad hills of the North Tyne! But first let us enter Bellingham. It is picturesque and quaint by whichever way you approach it. Two of our illustrations show pleasant adits to the village. One is the handsome bridge of stone which forms the approach to the town from the railway station; and the other is a picturesque wooden bridge in another direction, built in truly rural style to avoid having to ford the stream that crosses the road. The cottages and blacksmith's shop form a pretty background.

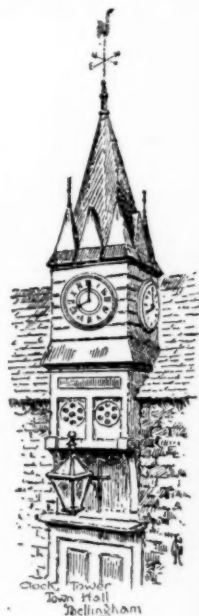
Bellingham has aptly been described as the last town in England, which description is accurate enough if you are travelling by the Waverley route to Scotland. The place even goes the length of having its own Town Hall. It is built on a slope called Mug Hill, where formerly the markets were held, and where many an old quarrel was settled or aggravated while the cry resounded—"Tarset and Tarretburn! Yet! Yet! Yet!" The accompanying sketch gives a representation of the clock turret of the building, in which, on winter nights, many an entertainment is given to the inhabitants of

Bellingham, to help to while away the tedium of the long nights, when

Among their children comfortable men
Gather around great fires, and yet feel cold.

Bellingham is a town by Royal charter, though only a small one, and for its size does not exceed that of many a Northumberland village; indeed I know many villages in the county that would beat it hollow for population.

The land about Bellingham is high, and little adapted to the successful growth of cereal crops; hence it has chiefly a pastoral appearance. Corn is grown only at the foot of the valley, near the river, where the soil is richer. The rest of the country, so far as it is used for farming, is devoted to large pastures and sheep-walks. There remain, besides these, only the woods and plantations, principally of firs and different kinds of conifers, that flank the river or cover the sides of the burns and the uninclosed moorlands. Under the soil are coal, iron ore, and limestone; but these minerals are not now worked. Formerly an attempt was made to turn Bellingham into a mining centre, a colliery shaft being sunk, and iron mining operations commenced. But the cost of winning the minerals was too great, and the ironworks that were erected had to be closed, owing to the industry being unprofitable. This was thirty years ago, and traces of the miners' work still remain. Three miles off, the quiet hills are reminded of the everywhere pervading engineer by the sound of the firing



on the gun-trial ground of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co.

Tradition says that Bellingham was one of the towns through which the body of St. Cuthbert passed in its wanderings. The parish church, which is dedicated to



that saint, is a quaint and interesting building, built about the end of the eleventh century in the early Norman style. In former times it was the general place of refuge for the people of Bellingham, who took their goods and chattels, their families and their cattle, into the sacred building for protection from the Scottish raider or the English freebooter of the Borders. In the interior of the church and in the graveyard will be found the stone tablets that preserve for future generations the memory of the progenitors of the leading families of this part of the North Tyne. These were what may be described as clans, a common characteristic of the old Border life, and four of these clans or families, or, as they were called about Bellingham, "graynes," dominated over North Tynedale. So in the church and churchyard at Bellingham you can see inscribed the names of the Charltons, the Robsons, the Dodds, and the Milburns. These bold, reckless thieves did not confine their lawless attentions to the Scots over the borders; amongst each other they were continually at variance, stealing and stabbing and killing. As late as the end of the fifteenth century the Bishop of Durham had to use the full measures of his powers to keep these Tynedale robbers in a semblance of subjection to authority. Sentence of excommunication was withdrawn only on condition of their abstaining from all theft in the future, that they should not wear a jacket or knapscall (helmet), nor ride a horse of the value of more than 6s. 8d., except against the Scots or the king's enemies, and

that they should not appear in church with any weapons exceeding one cubit in length.

One of the main features of Bellingham Church is its roof, formed entirely of stone (except that of the chancel). It is said to be the only church in the county with such a roof, except that at Thockrington there is a stone-covered chancel. When the church was restored thirty years ago, the Duke of Northumberland's subscription was given only on condition that the floor was restored to its original level, and consequently you enter the church by going down three steps. The interior, as well as the graveyard of the church, contains much that is interesting from an antiquarian and historical point of view. Not far from the entrance to the church, outside in the open air, is the famous stone to which is attached the well-known story of the Long Pack. Other stones near this call to mind entertaining narratives of the Milburns and Charltons, but to these I have not space to refer at greater length. Another slab keeps alive for the inhabitants of Bellingham the memory of Sir John Fife, the eminent surgeon, who was Mayor of Newcastle during an exciting period of the Chartist agitation.

The pride of Bellingham is its Linn. Hareshaw Linn is one of the few waterfalls which the county of North-



umberland possesses. The principal fall is thirty feet high, in a chasm between two picturesque red cliffs, with plants,



shrubs, and trees covering the ground all round. There are three falls, in fact, and woodland beauties are in profusion. Paths meander here and there, and the

wooden seats met with anon and anon show how favourite a spot it is with lovers of romantic scenery. The babbling stream that flows through the pretty glen washes hundreds of moss-covered stones, and the thousands of flowers that carpet the sides of the dene give it a rich, wild beauty that art cannot imitate. Accompanying these lines are sketches of two pretty rustic bridges that cross the Hareshaw Burn in the neighbourhood of the Linn. Not many yards from one of these bridges, near to the head of the glen, is the dancing green, where, on Pic-nic Day, the great holiday for the Bellingham folks, young men and maidens trip gracefully through the steps of the old country dances.

One of the prettiest walks around Bellingham is that to Woodhead and down the slope through the wood to Hesleyside, the old family residence of the Charltons, who have lived here since 1340, previous to which, as far back as 1200, they held a tower at Charlton, on the opposite side of the river, but of this no traces now remain. Twice has their home suffered destruction through fire. The present building is of different dates,

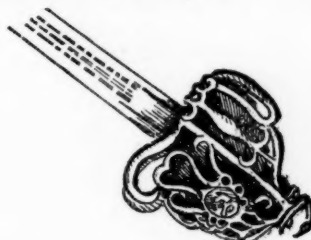


the east wing and the terrace in front having been erected in the last century by "Runaway Willie" (William Charlton, obit. 1736), whose spirit is supposed to revisit the hall every seven years, though there seems a probability that he is now at rest, as he has not been seen or heard of lately. The south wing, in the centre of which is an old stone-vaulted arch, which formerly gave entrance to the spacious courtyard, now covered over, is the oldest part now standing. Here is still carefully preserved, under lock and key, the Charlton spur,



an instrument six inches long, with a rowel two inches in diameter, which has been in possession of the Charlton family for an indefinite period. This relic is the one which, with the standard (a glass cup richly engraved, holding a quart of liquor, and attached to which is a legend similar to that of the Luck of Edenhall), crucifix, &c., still preserved at Hesleyside, William Bell Scott, the artist, copied into his picture in Wallington House when illustrating one of the phases of life on the Border. In the picture the Border chieftain is shown the emptiness of his larder and the necessity for a foray by the spur in the dish, which is brought up in place of dinner. This spur, and the old sword of the Charltons, are represented in the sketches given here. The house at Hesleyside is one which will

amply repay a visit to anyone interested in seeing the home of an old Northumbrian squire.

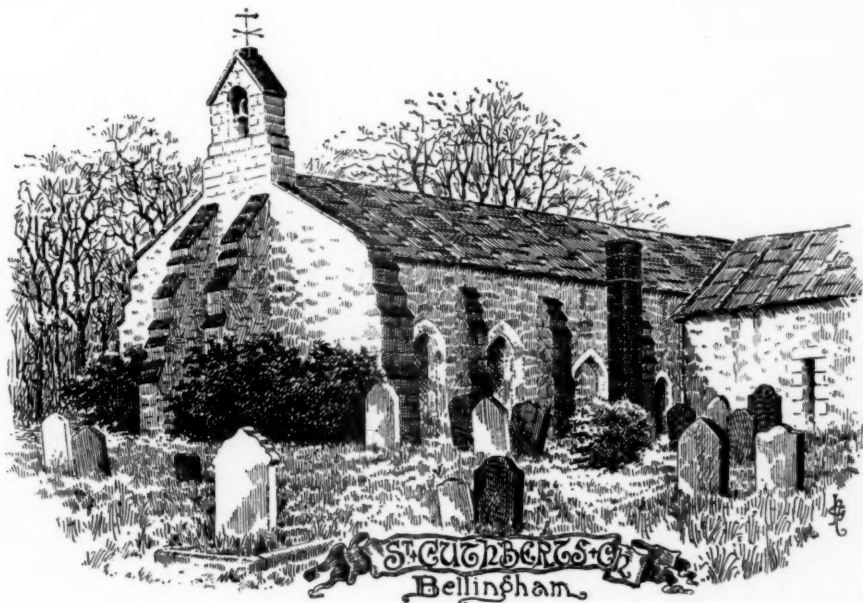


As to the old owners of Hesleyside, they were Royalists at the time of Cromwell, under whom they suffered much, and Jacobites under the Hanoverian kings.

Notes and Commentaries.

THE POLKA.

The polka, a favourite round dance, is of modern origin. It was first introduced into Newcastle about fifty years ago, when Thorne's show used to stand in the Spital. It was customary at that time for all the performers, both male and female, to appear in full theatrical costume on the stage outside the show, and, after promenading for a short time, wind up with the "Haymakers," "Speed the Plough," or some other popular country-dance. Large crowds used to assemble nightly when it became known



that the polka was to be danced. Mr. Henderson and Mrs. Grainger, dressed in full Hungarian costume, were the dancers, and they received unbounded applause for their performance.
NOVA, West Hartlepool.

THE DEVIL'S DUE.

Dr. John Egerton, on coming to the See of Durham, employed one Due as his agent to find out the true values of the estates held by lease under him, and in consequence of Due's reports, he greatly raised both the fines and reserved rents of his tenants. On this account the following toast was often drunk in and about Durham:—"May the Lord take the Bishop, and the Devil have his Due!"
D. D., Newcastle.

"JESSAMOND MILL."

Referring to the old song, "Jessamond Mill," which is printed in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 1891, p. 235, perhaps the following notes may be of interest:—On March 20th, 1880, it was copied into the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* (according to a note) from "The Goldfinch," a collection of songs published in Edinburgh in 1777. In 1806 we find it in the "Northern Minstrel," published by Marshall, of Gateshead, and there we get a glimpse behind "Primrose," the signature under which the song originally appeared. Marshall has it—the spelling modernised—"Jesmond Mill," supposed by P. Hodgson, late of Newcastle." In Bell's "Rhymes of Northern Bards," 1812, the song also appears, and there "supposed by P. Hodgson" gives place to "by Phil. Hodgson." After this it appears with that signature in several local collections. "The Ladies' Own Memorandum Book," in which the song first appeared, according to Mr. Bell, was printed by S. Hodgson.
TYNESIDE.

JOHN FORSTER.

A London journal has lately related a story about a celebrated native of Tyneside which is worth quoting. Many years ago, says the writer, a certain youth at Newcastle was very much indisposed to turn his mind to the business which his mature advisers understood and appreciated, but yearned to distinguish himself in journalism and literature. To him said a local sage one day, "You're just like a boy I knew whose father was a butcher here, and had one of the best businesses in the place. Do you think he'd follow his father, and be a butcher too, and make himself a name? Not him; nothing would do for him but to go to London, and take up with newspapers and stuff. Trust my word, my lad, or you'll come to the same end. His name was John Forster, and I've never heard tell o' him since." "But," said the reprimanded boy, eager to show his knowledge, Mr. Forster is a great man. He has written the 'Life

of Goldsmith.'" "Pooh!" quoth the sage, "I never heard of it."
ZEBEDEE, Durham.

A DURHAM COLLIERY EXPLOSION 182 YEARS AGO.

I take the following rather quaint account of a colliery explosion, which took place over one hundred and eighty years ago, from the "Transactions of the Royal Society of London." It is significant that, although the catastrophe occurred at Fatfield, in the county of Durham, it is located as "near Newcastle." The account is headed:—"Concerning a Colliery that was blown up near Newcastle. By the Rev. Dr. Arthur Charlett":—

On Wednesday, the 18th day of August, 1708, at Fatfield, in the parish of Chester-le-Street, about 3 o'clock in the morning, by the sudden eruption of a violent fire, which discharged itself at the mouths of three pits with as great a noise as the firing of cannon, or the loudest claps of thunder, 69 persons were destroyed in an instant. Three of them, viz., two men and a woman, were blown quite up from the bottom of the shaft, 57 fathom deep, into the air, to a considerable distance from the mouth of the pit; one of the men with his head almost off, and the woman with her bowels hanging about her heels. The machine by which the coals were drawn up, and it is of a great weight, was blown off by the force of the blast; and what is more wonderful, the fish which were in the rivulet that runs 20 yards under the level, and at as great a distance from the mouth of one of the pits, were in great numbers taken up dead, floating on the water, by several of the inhabitants.

H. W. R., Seaham Harbour.

JOSEPH GLYNN, F.R.S.

The following portion of the Life of Joseph Glynn, relating to his career as an author, was omitted from page 251:—

To the literature of Mechanical Engineering, Mr. Glynn contributed several valuable books and papers. In February, 1836, he received the gold (Isis) medal of the Society of Arts for a paper on his method of applying steam power to the draining of fens and marshes—a contribution to the Society's "Transactions" which was translated into French, German, and Dutch, and had a wide circulation. He became a member of the society shortly afterwards, and in later life was honoured by a seat in the Council, and the office of vice-president. In the "Transactions" of the Institute of Civil Engineers, of which learned body he became a member in 1823, are the following productions of his pen:—

- 1833.—Description of a Sawing Machine for cutting off Railway Bars.
- 1840.—On the Use of Mica as a substitute for Glass in the Windows of Workshops.
- 1844.—On the Causes of the Fractures of the Axles of Railway Carriages.
- 1847.—A Review of the Plans which have been proposed for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a Navigable Canal.
- 1851.—On the Isthmus of Suez and the Canals of Egypt.

In the fourth and fifth volumes of "Papers on Subjects connected with the Duties of the Corps of Royal Engineers," are elaborate contributions of Mr. Glynn's upon the subject of cranes for the Royal Dockyards, and he drew up a memorandum for the Lords of the Admiralty, showing the advantage of applying the screw propeller to ships of war. For Weale's Rudimentary Series of Science Manuals he wrote two books, entitled:—

- The Construction of Cranes, and other Machinery for Raising Heavy Bodies, for the Erection of Buildings, and for Hoisting Goods.
- The Power of Water as applied to drive Flour Mills, and to give Motion to Turbines and other Hydrostatic Engines.

Upon the occasion of his obtaining the Isis Medal of the Society of Arts, the Literary and Philosophical

Society of Newcastle, in whose proceedings as a youth he had been an active participant, elected Mr. Glynn an honorary member, and he was the first person so honoured. Two years later he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.
RICHARD WELFORD.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A CENSUS EXPERIENCE.

Enumerator (at Tantobie, on the Monday after Census Day): "Got your paper filled up?" Jack: "No, aa hevvent had time." Enumerator: "Let me have it and I'll do it." Jack: "Aall reet, canny man." Enumerator: "How many slept under your roof last night?" Jack: "Nebody; we had a confinement!"

A DEAF WARDEN.

At the morning service of a large and fashionable church in the North of England, its venerable rector, at the termination of the service, announced that all those having children to baptise were to bring them forward. A warden, who was rather deaf, thinking that the minister was announcing for sale the new prayer-books of which he had charge, supplemented the announcement by saying, "Aa'll them that hes nyen can be supplied at 6d. each!"

"CANNY."

During the passage of a local steamer from the Thames to the Tyne, a London gentleman, who was discussing a political question with several of the passengers, was accosted by his son, a lad of seven or eight summers, as follows:—"Pa, what is canny?" "'Canny!' there is no such word in the dictionary, my boy." "Oh, yes, pa, there is; because an old lady in the bunk next to ma's keeps saying, 'Ma hinny, but aa is bad. Aa wish aa wes in canny Newcassel agyen!'"

THE WRONG PATIENT.

A servant girl went to a chemist's in Newcastle for some castor oil, asking that it should be mixed with something which would disguise its taste. "Do you like soda-water?" inquired the apothecary. The girl replied that she did. Thereupon she was banded a glass of that liquid, which she drank. But she still lingered in the shop, and presently asked for the oil again, when the chemist informed her that she had already taken it. "My gracious," she cried, "aa wanted it for a lodger!"

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

One of the workmen at a colliery situated a few miles north of Newcastle was completely nonplussed with the directions for filling up his census paper. So he took it to his neighbour, and said to him:—"Lyukah heor, Jim; gie's a hand wi' this confounded thing." Jim at once saw what was the matter. "Noo," he said, "ansor ma questions. Forst—Hoo aad are ye?" "Thorty-fower," was the reply. "Noo, as regards the hoose, what are ye?" "Oh! aa's the man." "Aa knaa that, but what aa

want te knaa is—whe's the heed o' the hoose or the family?" "The wife, begox, the wife—not me, onny-way!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 9th of May, Mr. Matthew Kearney, J.P., D.L., formerly of the Ford, Lanchester, and latterly of Ellsworth Terrace, Primrose Hill, London, died at Southsea. The deceased, who was 76 years of age, was descended from an old Roman Catholic family, and was a brother of the late Very Rev. Francis Kearney, of the Brooms, Lanchester, a Canon of St. Mary's Cathedral, Newcastle.

Mr. Joseph Walton, of West Mill Hills, Haydon Bridge, chief partner in the firm of Lee Walton and Co., timber merchants, Langley Mills, died on the 10th of May.

On the 11th of May Lady Elizabeth Grey, widow of Canon F. R. Grey, of Morpeth, and sister of the late and aunt of the present Earl of Carlisle, died at Woolbeding, Midhurst, Sussex, the residence of her sister-in-law, Lady Lanerton. The deceased lady acted in the capacity of bridesmaid at the marriage of the Queen on the 10th of February, 1840.

Mr. Joseph Snowball, who was for many years Chief Commissioner to the Duke of Northumberland, and land agent to the Earl of Eidon and others of the landed proprietors of Northumberland and Durham, died at his residence, Seaton Burn House, on the 12th of May, at the age of 81 years. The deceased gentleman was a magistrate for Northumberland, and a member of the County Council, and held many other public offices.

On the 12th of May, at her seat, Ford Castle, Northumberland, died Louisa, third Dowager Marchioness of Waterford. The deceased lady, who was born in April, 1818, was the second daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothsay, Minister at Brussels at the time of Waterloo. Her sister, afterwards Lady Canning, of Indian fame, resembled her in being a most rare type of female beauty. As a girl, at the famous Eglinton Tournament, Lady Waterford only escaped being proclaimed Queen of Beauty through the force of an unwritten law, ruling that the honour be borne by a married lady. At Eglinton she met for the first time Henry, third Marquis of Waterford, to whom she was married in 1842. They had no children. He was killed in the hunting field near Curraghmore, Ireland, in 1859, and she left that country, making from this time forward her lonely home between Ford Castle, the dower-house "on the border," and Highcliffe, a Stuart family place left to her by her mother, on the coast of Hampshire. She did much for the improvement of both places. At Ford the Castle was restored, the village rebuilt, and the school-house decorated with masterly frescoes of Bible subjects, painted by herself. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 130; 1891, p. 127.)

Mr. Richard Wright, a famous racehorse breeder of the High Lodge Stud, Richmond, Yorkshire, died on the 12th of May, at the age of 86 years.

The death was announced on the 13th of May of Mrs. Harrison, widow of Mr. T. E. Harrison, the eminent railway engineer. She was a daughter of the late Rev. John Collinson, once rector of Gateshead.

On the 14th of May the remains of the late Mr. Robert

Smith, boot and shoemaker, and a noted violin player, were interred in Morpeth churchyard.

The death was announced, on the 15th of May, of "Shute" Ord, an eccentric character in the city of Durham.

On the 19th of May, Mrs. Mary Drummond, widow of Mr. Thomas Drummond, shipbuilder, and a lady of highly cultured mind, died at Waterloo, Blyth, in the 87th year of her age.

A writer in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of the 21st of May recorded the death of Mr. Alexander Gordon, an old and well-known second-hand bookseller in the Newcastle Market. Mr. Gordon was an M.A. of Aberdeen University.

On the 20th of May, the Rev. Augustus Frederic Dashwood Ruxton, vicar of Well, Bedale, died in London. The deceased gentleman was the eldest son of the late Rev. F. W. Ruxton, rector of Willington, in the county of Durham.

Mr. Thomas Dixon Stephenson, a retired gentleman, residing at Willington, Durham, in the public affairs of which place he took a prominent part, died on the 21st of May.

On the 22nd of May, Dr. McCuaig, police surgeon and consulting physician to the North Riding Infirmary, Middlesbrough, died from typhoid fever and congestion of the lungs. The deceased gentleman was at one time the finest golf player in the North of England.

Mr. Thomas Bowman, a well-known auctioneer, died at Darlington on the 23rd of May, at the age of 70 years.

At the age of 67 years, Mr. Henry Barry, shipowner and steamship manager, having extensive connections with the North of England, also died on the 23rd of May, at Whitby.

On the 22nd of May, at the advanced age of 81 years, Mrs. Emery, relict of Robert Emery, printer, died at her home in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle. Her husband was born in Edinburgh in 1794, but came to Newcastle at an early age, and served his apprenticeship as a printer in company with the late Thomas Binney, the eminent Non-conformist minister. Mr. Emery became famous as the writer of several clever humorous songs.

Mr. George Edward Steele, watchmaker and jeweller at Chester-le-Street, who took an active interest in local affairs, died on the 25th of May. He was 70 years of age.

On the 27th of May, the death was announced, at the age of 41, of Mr. A. T. Shillinglaw, a sculptor of considerable local distinction, at Gateshead.

The death was announced, on the 28th May, of Mr. John Gibson, shipowner, Blyth. The deceased belonged to an old family connected with that port.

On the 28th of May, Sir Horace St. Paul, Bart., died at Ewart Park, near Wooler, Northumberland. The deceased was born in 1812, and succeeded his father in 1840. He was High Sheriff in 1851. In receiving, in that year, one of her Majesty's Judges of Assize, he placed at the service of his lordship an old britzka without heraldic ornaments, and all the other paraphernalia usually attendant on such ceremonies were dispensed with. The deceased baronet married a daughter of Mr. G. A. Grey of Milfield, and left an only daughter heiress to his properties in Northumberland and Staffordshire. Sir Horace St. Paul was a Count of the Holy Roman Empire.

Miss Allan, a well-known member of the Society of

Friends in the county of Durham, died at Bishop Auckland on the 30th of May.

On the 1st of June, the death was announced at Sunderland of Mr. George Foreman, who, many years ago, was identified with shipping at that port. He was 77 years of age.

Mr. Sebastian Henderson, of the firm of Messrs. S. and R. Henderson, tea dealers, Newcastle, died on the 1st of June. The deceased, who for over half a century had been associated with the business and social life of the city, was 74 years of age.

Mr. Robert Boston, fish-curer, and one of the oldest members of the Berwick Town Council, died on the 2nd of June.

Mr. F. W. Mildred, coal and lime merchant, and a member of the Middlesbrough Town-Council, died on the 6th of June.

On the same day the death took place of Mr. Robert Summers, flour merchant and grocer, and a member of the Morpeth Town Council.

At the early age of 21, Mr. Septimus L. Reid, son of Mr. Andrew Reid, the well-known printer and publisher, Newcastle, died on the 8th of June.

On the 9th of June, Mr. William Clough, who for many years acted as postmaster of Longhorsley, and was a celebrated trainer of greyhounds, died in the 77th year of his age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

MAY.

11.—At a meeting held at Alnwick, under the presidency of Mr. Albert Grey, a committee was appointed to raise the necessary funds for the erection of a memorial to the late Duchess of Northumberland.

—George Dixon, moulder, was fatally stabbed at South Shields, and a woman named Harriet Harleigh, who had been living with him, was apprehended on a charge of having caused his death. She was committed for trial on the capital charge by the coroner's warrant and by the borough magistrates.

12.—The order of the justices of the county of Durham committing Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P., for trial on a charge of perjury in connection with the proceedings arising out of the evictions at Silksworth, was quashed by the Court of Queen's Bench, on the ground that the borough magistrates had been improperly refused permission by the county magistrates to join in hearing the case. On the 19th, a summons against Mr. Storey upon the same charge was granted by the Sunderland borough magistrates.

—The will of the late Mr. Joseph Bainbridge Fife, of Banks Terrace, Croft, Durham, was sworn at £28,444 17s.

13.—The Rev. S. Friedeberg was presented by the Hebrew community in Newcastle with an illuminated address and a gold hunting watch on his leaving the city for Liverpool.

—Dr. G. W. Weir was elected medical officer of health for the borough of Jarrow.

—In the church of St. John the Baptist, at Alnmouth,

Mr. John Fleming Morrison, son of Mr. Robert Morrison, late of Newcastle, and grandson of the late Mr. John Fleming, solicitor, was married to Miss Florence Emma Stanton, second daughter of Mr. Cornelius Harrison Stanton, of Newcastle.

14.—A recognition meeting was held in the Church of the Divine Unity, Newcastle, in connection with the induction of the Rev. Sydney Street to the pastorate of the Unitarian Mission at Byker. The charge to the new pastor was delivered by his father, the Rev. J. C. Street, of Birmingham, and formerly of Newcastle.

—At a sale of books in London, Surtees's "History of the County of Durham" was sold for £38, and Hodgson's "History of Northumberland" realised £43.

15.—It was announced that Mr. J. L. Hedley, of Chester, had been appointed Inspector of Mines for the Newcastle-upon-Tyne District in succession to the late Mr. Willis.

16.—Through the kindness of the Rev. R. Stewart Wright, who had recently returned from the Tanganyika district of Central Africa, a valuable and interesting collection of ethnological objects from that district was presented to the Natural History Museum in Newcastle.

—Owing to the somewhat improved condition of the coal trade, the colliery owners of Northumberland withdrew the demand, which they had made, of a reduction of 3½ per cent. in the wages of the men.

—The annual convention of the Irish National League of Great Britain was opened in Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. J. F. Xavier O'Brien, M.P. On the following day two public meetings were held, one in the Gaiety Theatre, and the other in the Lecture Room. The delegates were, on the third day, treated to a trip down the river, and the proceedings concluded with a dinner in the Grand Assembly Rooms, the chair being occupied by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P.

—The Rev. L. Mendelsohn, from Melbourne, Australia, entered upon duty as pastor of the Jewish Synagogue in Newcastle.

—Mr. Arthur Rousbey's English Opera Company commenced a series of performances in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

17.—An extraordinary meteorological phenomenon, the season of the year being considered, was witnessed to-day (Whit-Sunday). Snow and hail showers fell in Newcastle and throughout the North of England at intervals during the day, and the cold was exceedingly keen. The snowfall reached a depth of half-an-inch at Prudhoe, and the temperature at mid-day was 50 degrees. The 11th and 12th of the month were, on the other hand, abnormally warm, the thermometer, exposed to the full glare of the sun on the latter day, registering 116 degrees.

—Mr. H. M. Stanley, the eminent explorer, delivered to a large audience in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, his new lecture, entitled "Twenty-Three Years in Africa."

—The Rev. Charles Blackett Carr was inducted as the first Vicar of Longframlington with Brinkburne, on its separation from Felton and its formation into a new ecclesiastical district.

18.—After a lapse of two years, a horse procession, under the auspices of the society formed on the occasion of the Stephenson centenary in 1881, took place in Newcastle, Whit-Monday being, as usual, chosen for the display. The total number of entries was 352. The animals were divided into 17 classes, one of which was devoted to pit ponies, the prizes in this department being

the gift of Uncle Toby of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. In the afternoon, the prizes were presented in the People's Palace by the Mayoress, Mrs. J. Barker Ellis, the chair being occupied by the Mayor (Mr. Jos. Baxter Ellis), who is also president of the society. A beautiful silver salver was, as a memento of the occasion, presented to the Mayoress. At a later hour, the Mayor entertained those who had taken a leading part in the arrangements to dinner at the Crown Hotel; and, in the course of the evening, his Worship was presented, on behalf of the subscribers, with a magnificent candelabra and ewergone. On the same day, similar processions were held at Sunderland and West Hartlepool, and on the 25th, after a lapse of five years, at Jarrow.

—The Right Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, laid the foundation stone of a new Roman Catholic Church at Carlisle.

—The members of the Tyneside Geographical Society and their friends, to the number of about 200, held their first excursion for the season, visiting Rothbury and Craggside.

—Several friendly and other societies commenced their Whit-week meetings to-day. The Annual Movable Delegation of the Order of Druids was opened in Newcastle by a reception of delegates, the active business commencing in the Northumberland Hall, in the same city, on the following day, under the presidency of the Grand Master, Brother James Neal, of Newark-on-Trent. Mr. Robert Mellor was chosen Grand Master for the ensuing year. The sittings of the Annual Movable Delegation of the Ancient Order of Free Gardeners were held in the Irish Institute, Newcastle. The annual general meeting of the delegates of the National United Order of Free Gardeners was held at North Shields, under the presidency of the Grand Master, Bro. George Venables, Sandbach district. Bro. J. J. Wilson, Boldon district, was elected Grand Master for the ensuing year. The triennial conference of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers took place at Sunderland, Mr. James Henderson, of that town, being in the chair.

—A united gathering of the contributors to the *Weekly Chronicle*, the first of its kind, was held in Newcastle. Between four and five hundred ladies and gentlemen from various parts of the country took part in the interesting proceedings, which extended over the entire day. (See p. 311.)

19.—It was announced that the Queen had been pleased to approve the nomination of the Right Rev. Dr. William Dalrymple MacLagan, Bishop of Lichfield, to the Archbishopric of York. His lordship, who was born in Edinburgh in 1826, commenced life as a soldier, retiring with the rank of lieutenant in 1852. The right rev. gentleman was ordained deacon in 1856 and priest in 1857.

20.—At the village of Fawdon, near Gosforth, Mrs. Stoker (the wife of Mr. W. Stoker, coal hewer), was delivered of three sons.

—The Free Libraries Act was adopted at a public meeting at Hartlepool.

—During a brief thunderstorm at Alnwick, the lightning struck the chimney of the armoury magazine and stores of the 3rd Northumberland Fusiliers, demolishing it.

21.—In the New Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, Mrs. Albert Barker, of London, gave a series of recitals in aid of Dame Margaret's Home for Waifs and Strays, Washington.

—In continuation of the recitals in connection with the

opening of the new organ in St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, a performance was given by Mr. Samuel Reay, Mus. Bac., organist of the Parish Church, Newark. (See p. 325.)

22.—A letter from the Rev. Dr. R. E. Hooppell, Byers Green Rectory, Spennymoor, appeared in *The Times*, stating that, within the past few days, a Roman altar had been unearthed by the workmen of Mr. J. E. Newby, of Binchester Hall, near Bishop Auckland, who was having water pipes laid through the heart of the old Roman town at that place. The altar was of large size, 4ft. 3in. in

or Transmarine. Mothers, Pomponius Donatus, a Beneficiary of the Consul, in gratitude for the safety of himself



height, by 1ft. 2½in. in breadth, and 1ft. 0½in. in depth, and it was in excellent preservation. It had, sculptured on its sides, the four principal sacrificial implements—the "securis," or axe, the "culter," or knife, the "patra," or dish, and the "praefriculum," or jug. Besides this it has a long inscription, the lettering of which was perfect. It ran as follows:—

I O M
ET MATRIB
VS OLLOTO
TIS SIVE TRA
NSMARINIS
POMPONIVS
DONATVS
BFCOS PRO
SALUTE SVA
ET SVORVM
VSLA

Expanded the inscription reads:—"Jovi Optimo Maximo, et Matribus Ollototis, sive Transmarinis, Pomponius Donatus, Beneficiarius Consulis, Pro Salute Sua et Suorum, Votum solvit libenti animo." In English it signifies—"To Jupiter, the Best and Greatest, and to the Ollototian,



and those belonging to him, has paid his vow with a willing mind."

—A large shoal of porpoises were seen at the mouth of the Tyne.

—The Russian Princess Tenigcheff, with her young son, paid a visit to Newcastle.

23.—It was found, as the result of the official ascertainment in connection with the North of England Iron Trade, that there would be a reduction of 3d. per ton on puddling, and 2½ per cent. on all other forge and mill wares, to take effect from the 30th of May.

—A new Primitive Methodist Chapel was opened at Throckley.

24.—A new Beth-Hamedrush (House of Learning), in Westgate Road, Newcastle, was opened by the president of the Hebrew congregation.

25.—During a severe storm, the steamer Napier ran ashore on the Black Middens at the mouth of the Tyne, but was eventually floated and taken up the river.

26.—St. Aidan's Parochial Hall, Newcastle, which had been erected at a cost of £1,000, Mr. Westmacott contributing £700 of the amount, was publicly opened, the chair being occupied by Mr. J. M. Falkner.

—Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., and son of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., addressed a public meeting, under the auspices of the Durham County Liberal Federation, at Sunderland.

—An Australian liner, named the Woolloomooloo, was

launched from the Neptune Shipyard of Messrs. Wigham Richardson and Co., Low Walker, the vessel being the eighth screw-steamer built by the same firm to the order of Mr. W. Lund, of London.

—It transpired that the portion of the library of the late Bishop Lightfoot left to the University of Durham consisted of about 1,700 volumes.

—Mr. Watson Askew-Robertson and the Hon. Mrs. Askew-Robertson were presented with handsome portraits in oil of themselves by the members of the Pallinsburn Reading Room.

27.—At the fifty-second annual meeting of the friends of the Newcastle Royal Asylum for the Blind, a report from the committee recommending the sale of the present premises in Northumberland Street, and the erection of a suitable building in the suburbs, was unanimously adopted.

—The Rev. Warren Trevor, Rector of Machynlleth, Wales, nominated the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry as his churchwarden, and her ladyship accepted the office.

—An inquiry, ordered by the Home Office, was held on board the Wellesley Training Ship by Colonel Inglis, her Majesty's Inspector of Reformatories and Industrial Schools, and Mr. Henry Rogers, assistant-inspector, into the system of punishment pursued on board that vessel for breaches of discipline.

28.—In the Lovaine Hall, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, Professor Arminius Vambery, the celebrated Eastern traveller, delivered a lecture, under the auspices of the Tyneside Geographical Society, on "Modern Asian Travellers."

—The first meeting of the Robson Trust was held in the Guildhall, Newcastle. The charity was the outcome of the liberality of James and Mary Elizabeth Robson, who carried on business some years ago as drapers and milliners in Mosley Street, and who left £11,000 to be devoted towards the maintenance of widows or elderly daughters of Newcastle or Gateshead tradesmen who might be in necessitous circumstances. Trustees were appointed, and Mr. Joseph Shepherdson was elected chairman of the fund.

29.—The annual meeting of the Midland branch of the British Dental Association was held at Darlington.

30.—The twenty-first annual meeting of subscribers to the Central Exchange News Room and Art Gallery was held in the reading-room, the chair being occupied by the Sheriff of Newcastle, Mr. Stephen Quin. Mr. Charles Barkas, the junior lessee, reported the recent formation of a chess club in connection with the gallery, Mr. G. C. Heywood, chess editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, being chosen as president.

—The second annual horse procession took place at Berwick.

31.—Service was conducted for the last time, as a private place of worship, in the Lady Chapel, Seaton Delaval. The building was thereafter used as the parish church of Seaton Delaval.

—The first of the summer season's series of Sunday sacred concerts was given in the Rockcliff Cricket Field, Whitley, by Mr. Amers's Exhibition Band.

JUNE.

1.—Mr. W. S. Daglish, solicitor, was entertained to a banquet, and presented with a handsomely illuminated address, in recognition of his having completed twenty-

five years of his connection with Jarrow in the capacity of Clerk to the Local Board, Town Clerk, and Magistrates' Clerk.

—Inspector Edward Harris was appointed Chief Constable of Gateshead, in succession to Mr. John Elliott, resigned. Mr. Harris had been 17 years in the police force of the borough, and had passed through every grade of the service.

—The will of the late Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, of Rose Dene, Sunderland, and Alwinton, Northumberland, was sworn, and the personalty was valued at £45,124.

—David Eadington, 15 years of age, son of Mr. James Eadington, manager of the Blyth and Cowpen Gas Works, was drowned while bathing at Blyth.

2.—A destructive fire broke out in a joiners' shop connected with Messrs. J. T. Eltringham and Co.'s ship-building and boiler-making establishment at Stone Quay, East Holborn, South Shields.

—A marriage was solemnized in Holy Trinity Church, Stockton, between Mr. Edward Jones Trustram, son of the late Mr. W. P. Trustram, of Tunbridge Wells and London, and Miss Florence Elizabeth Appleton, eldest surviving daughter of the Mayor and Mayoress of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Appleton.

3.—At a meeting of the Newcastle City Council, a report of the Town Improvement Committee, recommending the provision of lodging-houses under Part III. of the Housing of the Working Classes Act, 1890, was unanimously adopted.

—At the monthly meeting of the Norham and Islandshire Petty Sessions, there were no cases for trial, and the chairman (Mr. Selby, Pawston), was presented with a pair of white kid gloves.

—The annual garden party given by the Vicar of Newcastle (Rev. Canon Lloyd) was held in Jesmond Dene.

—John Grehan, aged 47, a draughtsman, from Carlisle, died in Newcastle Infirmary from the effects of injuries alleged to have been received by being knocked down at Blaydon on the 14th of May, and a verdict of manslaughter was afterwards returned against a man named Felix Wood.

—It was stated that, as the outcome of the late census, the population of Newcastle had been found to be 186,300, being an increase in the ten years of 28·2 per cent. The enumeration of Sunderland showed a total of 130,900 inhabitants, or an increase of 12·3 per cent., but there were complaints of defective census-taking in the case that town.

4.—William Middlemiss, and another man named Brown, who had gone to sea to fish, were drowned by the upsetting of their boat off the Tyne. On the same day, David Deas, also a fisherman, was accidentally drowned in Shields harbour.

—The singular discovery was made, while the oil-painted portraits of Charles II. and James II., the property of the Corporation of Newcastle, were in process of being cleaned, that the head and part of the bust of each had, at some time or other, been cut out, and afterwards so neatly and skilfully restored that the mutilation had until now escaped detection.

—As the result of a poll of the ratepayers of Hartlepool, it was found that there had voted for the adoption of the Free Libraries Act 1,418, and against it 478.

—Chopwell School Board election took place, Mr. Oliver being at the head of the poll.

—The Rev. Jasper B. Sinclair was ordained and inducted

to the pastorate of Church Street Presbyterian Church, Berwick.

5.—A verdict of manslaughter was returned by the coroner's jury in Newcastle against Benjamin Pearson for having caused the death of Thomas Feargus O'Connor Townshend, by stabbing him in a public-house on the 2nd inst.

6.—A large number of workmen were suspended at the shipbuilding yard of Sir C. M. Palmer and Co., Jarrow, owing to a dispute between the fitters and plumbers as to the class of work which each should execute.

—The under-managers, fore-overmen, back-overmen, and masters-shifters connected with the Northumberland Coal Trade resolved to form themselves into an association.

—The foundation stone was laid of a new Primitive Methodist Church and Schools in Bank Street, Askew Road, Gateshead.

8.—A handsome drinking fountain, the gift of Mr. Adam Robertson, and erected on Bondgate Hill, Alnwick, was unveiled by Earl Percy.

9.—A new Roman Catholic Church, capable of accommodating 500 persons, was opened at South Stockton.

—The residential estate of Broadwood and Hamsteels, in the county of Durham, was sold to Mr. T. Taylor Smith, for £8,500.

—The annual meeting of the Incorporated Gas Institute commenced at Carlisle, under the presidency of Mr. Joseph Hepworth, manager of the Carlisle Corporation Gasworks.

10.—It was announced that the King of Sweden and Norway had conferred the order of Wasa of the first degree upon Mr. Thomas Bell, ex-Mayor of Newcastle, and a member of the firm of Pyman, Bell & Co.

—A cycling exhibition was opened in the Aquarium at Tynemouth by his Honour Judge Digby Seymour.

General Occurrences.

MAY.

11.—A native policeman attempted to assassinate the Czarewitch of Russia near Kioto, Japan.

16.—Mr. John Bratiano, the Roumanian statesman, died.

17.—Serious disturbances between Irish demonstrators occurred at Kanturk, county Cork.

18.—Lord Edward Cavendish, M.P., died at Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, in his 53rd year.

—Queen Natalie was expelled from Servia by the Government.

—Prince Angao Lena, known as Senaputti, was arrested in connection with the massacre of British subjects in Manipur.

19.—The mutilated remains of a boy named Nicholas Martin were found in the Liverpool Docks. A man named John Conway was arrested in connection with the affair, and at a coroner's inquest subsequently held a verdict of wilful murder was returned against him.

20.—Lord Salisbury was presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow.

21.—The Queen visited Derby and laid the foundation stone of a new Infirmary.

22.—Sir Robert Nicholas Fowler, Bart., M.P., died.

23.—News was received that serious fighting had taken

place between an English expedition and the Portuguese on the river Maasheke, in South-East Africa.

—A fire occurred at 38, Egerton Gardens, London, the residence of Lord Romilly, who upset a paraffin lamp. His lordship and two of his servants died from suffocation.

24.—M. Turpin, the inventor of melinite, and M. Triponé, who was employed in the manufacture of the new explosive, were arrested in Paris on a charge of having sold the secret of the manufacture to the firm of Sir William Armstrong & Co., of Newcastle.

26.—A fire broke out at the petroleum refinery at Condekerque, Dunkirk. Ten persons were killed, and numerous others severely injured.

29.—The result of a Parliamentary election for North Bucks was declared as follows:—Mr. H. S. Leon (Gladstonian Liberal), 5,013; Mr. Evelyn Hubbard (Conservative), 4,682.

30.—Serious disturbances arose at Bilbao in connection with the dispersal of a meeting of strikers by the authorities.

30.—The Orient express from Constantinople to Paris was wrecked by brigands near Adrianople. Four first-class passengers were captured, a ransom of £8,000 being afterwards claimed for their release.

31.—It was reported that, during a gale on Lake Ilmen, Russia, nineteen vessels were lost with all hands.

JUNE.

1.—The result of a Parliamentary election at Paisley was thus declared:—Mr. William Dunn (Gladstonian Liberal), 4,145; Mr. K. M. McKerrell (Unionist), 2,807.

—Sir William Gordon Cumming brought an action against Mrs. Arthur Wilson and her son Mr. Arthur Stanley Wilson, together with three guests who had visited their residence at Tranby Croft, near York, to recover damages for slander, the defendants having charged him with cheating at cards on September 8 and 9, 1890. Among the witnesses called was the Prince of Wales, who had acted as banker at the game of baccarat in which the alleged cheating took place. Sir Edward Clarke, the Solicitor-General, in summing up for the defence, delivered a most powerful speech. After seven days' hearing, the jury returned a verdict in favour of the defendants. Much excitement followed, the conduct of the parties to the transaction, especially that of the Prince of Wales, being made the subject of great censure in the press of the country.

5.—An action brought by Miss Josephine Smith, who claimed £20,000 under an alleged covenant in a will of Mr. J. W. Park, was dismissed by Mr. Justice Romer in the Chancery Division.

6.—A general strike of the drivers and conductors of omnibuses was commenced in London at midnight. A settlement was effected on the 12th.

—Sir John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister of Canada, died, aged 76. The deceased was born in Scotland, and emigrated at an early age with his father to Canada.

7.—Several people were killed by an earthquake in the province of Verona, Italy.

10.—The mutilated body of a little girl named Barbara Waterhouse was discovered in Leeds.

—News was received that the members of a French expedition to Lake Ténad, Africa, had been massacred by natives of the Matonga country.